

American Legion Number

Life

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V. 76 July-Dec. 1920



CARRYING ON



Columbia Crest
MOUNT RANIER
NATIONAL PARK

The secret of automobile top success lies in the secret
composition used only in

Genuine
Pantasote
TRADE MARK
Top Material



Look for this
Pantasote Label
inside the top—it
protects you
against substitution
which is not
uncommon

Rain, sun, heat, cold, grease do not injure this
composition. That's why a Pantasote covered top
serves best and looks best the longest.

The Pantasote Company

Bowling Green Building

New York City

MICHELIN

25 Years Ago -

and Today



The world's first
pneumatic auto tire
— Michelin, 1895



Michelin Cords and Michelin
Disc Wheels—the latest de-
velopments in tire and wheel
equipment

Michelin introduced the first pneumatic automobile tire in 1895. In the meantime Michelin genius has contributed many other improvements which culminate today in the new Michelin Universal Cord.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy.

Dealers in all parts of the world

LIFE

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

WATER, water everywhere, but Clicquot's the thing to drink! From first bubbling sip to last golden drop, dry mouth and parched throat are royally entertained by this rare blend of pure Jamaica ginger, juice of lemons and limes, clean cane sugar, and crystal-clear spring water, highly carbonated.

Buy it by the case from your grocer or druggist, and make the daily round of Clicquot drinks a fixed family custom. It will delight everybody.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



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A Friend in Need

THERE is a public garden in Bordeaux,
Where, carved in true, compelling
lines of stone,
Rosa Bonheur, calm visaged and alone,
Looks ever down upon the endless flow
Of life in the less rugged flesh. A slow,
Ungainly little donkey, as, wind-blown,
A weed into a garden drifts, unknown,
Stole in one day to feed where flowers
grow.

A keeper, shocked that this dull beast
should browse
Before the statues of the mighty dead,
Rushed up, with blows the sinner to
arouse.
He stops, club poised above the shaggy
head;
Calm eyes seem watching him; his head
he bows,
And leads the dumb brute gently forth
instead. *Jack Burroughs.*

She Knew

THE nature of the questions asked in
school examinations varies somewhat
in different cities. Juana, at her desk in
Manila, came to question No. 7, "Define
an altruist." With no hesitation she wrote,
"An altruist is one who works for the
goods of others."

"YOUR daughters are all college grad-
uates, aren't they?"
"Oh, yes."
"Well, you never can tell—they may
marry!"



"MA, DO I HAVE TO WASH MY FACE?"

"CERTAINLY!"

"AW, WHY CAN'T I JUST POWDER IT LIKE
YOU DO YOURS?"

CAPT. X took to France a lib-
eral supply of his favorite
PALL MALL famous cigarettes
(plain ends.) When they were
gone, he was forced to use the
"canteen" cigarettes. Their shape
gave him an idea—they were round,
and smoked freely!

Back in America he gave us his
idea—a big idea—

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

Rounds

A round cigarette (with a free and
easy draught) that does not have to be
tapped, squeezed or loosened, made
from the famous PALL MALL blend
of five seasons' crops. Read the story
of Capt. X.



20 PALL MALL
ROUNDS (plain
ends) in the new 50¢
foil package . . .

"THEY ARE GOOD TASTE"

PALL MALL (regular), plain or cork, in boxes of 10, 50, 100, as usual

Still On

Our own Private Drive for three months' subscribers is still going strong. All the benefits go to you.



Think of it
LIFE for Three Months Sent Any-
where in the United States for Only
One Dollar. (See conditions in coupon.)

We Claim

That if you want to be sure of getting LIFE regularly for the next three months, while you are traveling around, the best way is to send in a subscription.

That by becoming a subscriber now, at least you will be sure of some sunshine on your vacation.

That, while the risk is all yours, the chances you take in putting one dollar on LIFE for the next three months are so small that you couldn't see them with an Einstein microscope.

That if you don't do it we shall feel hurt. It will show that you don't trust us. We've had enough trouble with the Business Office during the past year. Won't you stand by us now? Besides, LIFE at one dollar is like an oil certificate—even if it is all on paper (mighty expensive paper, too).

That this is no joke. It's a business proposition. We have to put things cheerfully and lightly on this page—but, dear friends, we've got the best contributors in this country putting their best into LIFE every week. Nobody owns us but ourselves. Our opinions (human and fallible as they may be) are unbought, and we want you to become a regular, not a spasmodic reader. One dollar, please.

(P. S.—You can subscribe for a year if you like.
 Rates below.)

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When you write to change your address on our subscription books, don't fail to send the old address as well as the new one.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to



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136 LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

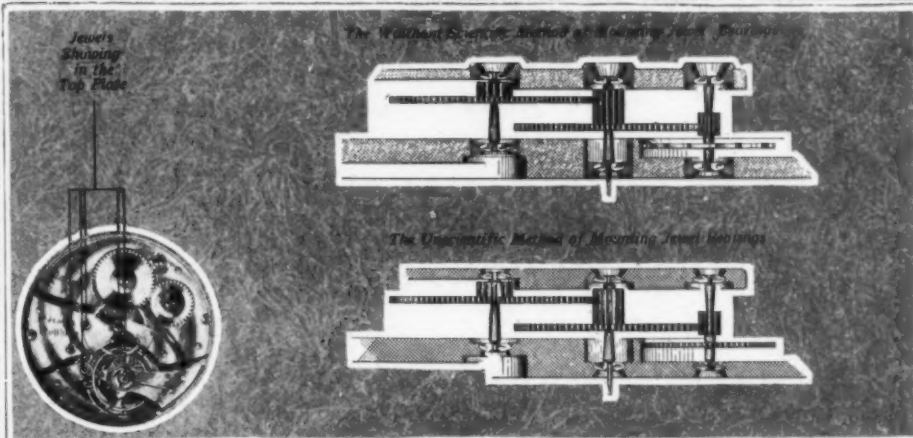


We Want You This Summer

To get LIFE on your vacation, so you will have an opportunity to study it carefully, when your mind is free. You will find it light reading, but full of suggestions of things that lie far beneath the surface. By taking out a three months' subscription LIFE will come to you automatically, and you will not miss getting it at the news-stands. We urge you to try the experiment.

PROOF

THE MOST
SCIENTIFICALLY
BUILT
WATCH
IN THE
WORLD



The Waltham Scientific Method of Mounting Jewel Bearings that is so Important in Your Watch

THE bearings of a watch are jewels because a precious stone is the hardest known substance for use in this important function. The harder the material and the smoother its polish the less resultant friction.

The chief problem confronting the old-time watchmaker when he first conceived the idea of using precious stones was a correct method to secure properly the jewels in the plates of the watch.

To do this, he cut a seat in the watch plate, then with a sharp tool forced the metal over the edge of the jewel.

So important was the necessity of securing the jewels rigidly in relation to their bearings (with the pivot hole exactly in the center and the jewel in perfect alignment with the plate and pivot so that the jewels could be removed easily for cleaning or repairing when injured) the Waltham Watch Company, after years of painstaking development, created a scientific method of jewel setting which made it easy for the jewels to be so removed and reset without

affecting in any way the original time-keeping quality of the watch.

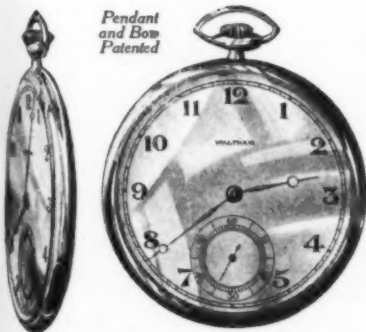
This scientific Waltham Method secures the jewel in a separate brass or gold setting. This setting is cut to a diameter, to fit perfectly its aperture in the plate, then pressed to its correct position in relation to the pivots (or axle) completing the jeweled bearing.

The special tools invented by Waltham so expand the jewel setting in its aperture that it becomes rigidly located. This eliminates the method of using holding-screws and greatly simplifies the work of the watch repairer whenever it is necessary to replace a jewel bearing.

The Waltham Scientific Method of mounting jewel bearings is a distinctive and better way of securing the jewels in the setting, and also of the setting in the plate. It provides the easiest and safest way for the repairer to handle your watch. It protects the original time-keeping quality of the watch. It reduces up-keep and insures a continuous satisfaction because of dependable time-keeping service.

This is one more reason, in addition to many others of like value, why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.



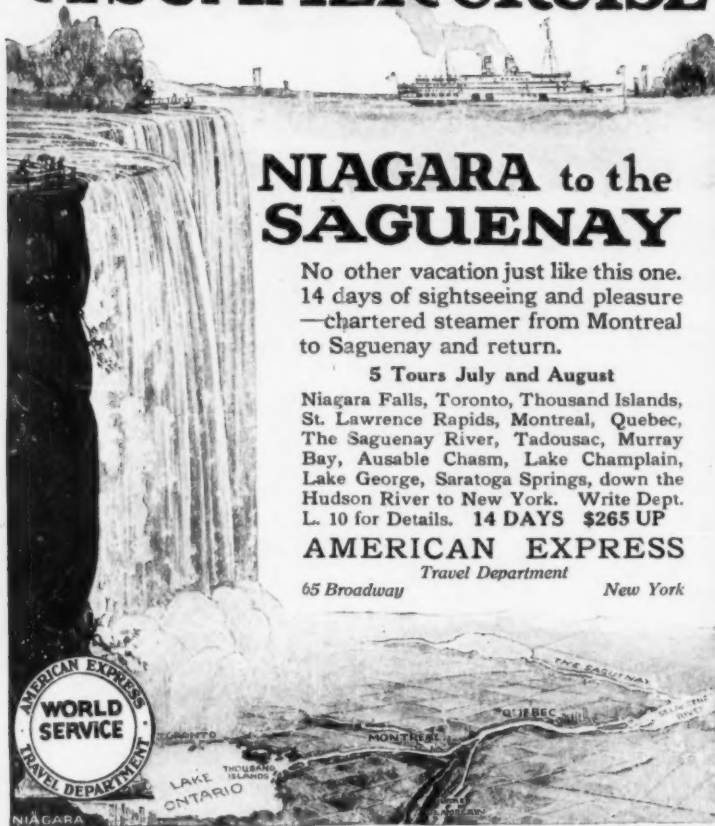
Waltham Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels
\$200 to \$325 or more
depending upon the case

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

A SUMMER CRUISE



NIAGARA to the SAGUENAY

No other vacation just like this one.
14 days of sightseeing and pleasure
—chartered steamer from Montreal
to Saguenay and return.

5 Tours July and August

Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands,
St. Lawrence Rapids, Montreal, Quebec,
The Saguenay River, Tadousac, Murray
Bay, Ausable Chasm, Lake Champlain,
Lake George, Saratoga Springs, down the
Hudson River to New York. Write Dept.
L. 10 for Details. 14 DAYS \$265 UP

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Travel Department

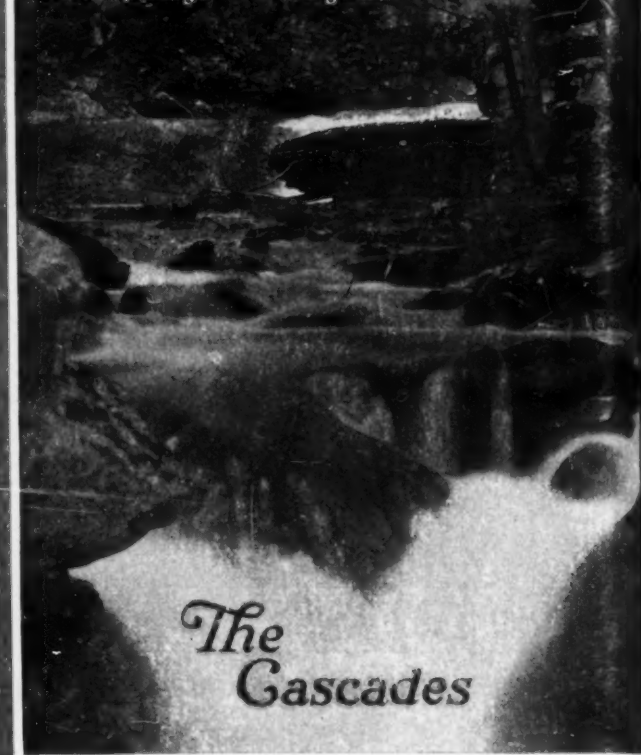
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New York



The HOMESTEAD

Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.
Hot Springs Virginia



The Cascades



Milo
Violets
Delicately Scented
Gold Tipped
Cigarettes

25¢ for 10

Box De Luxe of
100 - \$2.50

If your dealer cannot supply you write
Dept. M. V. 1790 Broadway New York
IN CANADA 36 CATHCART ST. MONTREAL



TRAGEDY OF THE "MODERNIST" WHO ABSENT-MINDEDLY
PAINTED A TREE GREEN



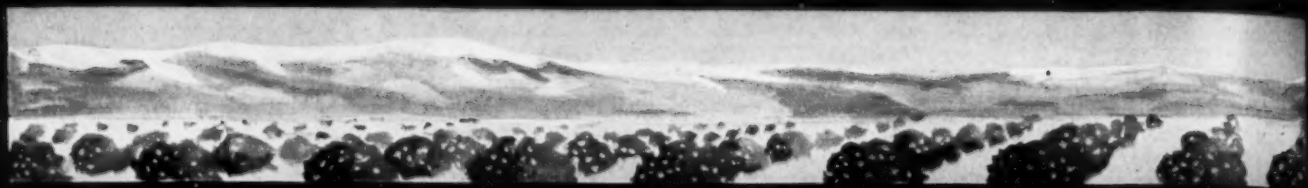
THE ESTEY RESIDENCE PIPE ORGAN

All the pleasure you are able to get out of music is deepened by hearing that music played on the pipe organ. And all that pleasure is enhanced when the pipe organ is your own, installed in your home, to be played at your command. It gives from its tremendous storehouse of harmonies as easily as the simplest music box. But the music it gives is the music of orchestras, played only as orchestras can play it, for the organ is really an orchestra. Its sets of

pipes are each a separate instrument, the mingling of which under the leadership of a skillful conductor is what makes the symphony orchestra what it is.

The Estey Perforated Rolls give you the skillful conducting, and the Estey Organ gives you the orchestra's instruments.

THE ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY, Brattleboro, Vermont;
Studios in New York, 11 West 49th Street; Philadelphia, 1701 Walnut Street; Chicago, Lyon & Healy; Boston, 120 Boylston Street; Los Angeles, 633 South Hill Street.



-like oranges?
drink
ORANGE-CRUSH



FIVE years ago the first drink of Ward's Orange-Crush was sold. Since then it has won a permanent welcome in every city and town in this country.

The distinctive orange deliciousness of the drink is obtained through the exclusive Ward process, which skillfully combines the fragrant and delicate fruit oil pressed from sun-matured oranges with purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid found in all citrus fruits.

Ward's Lemon-Crush—a companion drink made similarly by the Ward process—is rich with the tasty and refreshing flavor of California lemons.

at fountains or in bottles

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory, Los Angeles

Send for Free Book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"



AT FOUNTAINS



IN BOTTLES

MERCER



MERCER MOTORS COMPANY

operated by

HARE'S MOTORS, INC.

16 West 61st Street

New York City

• We • Shall • Keep • Faith •

TOURING to the wheat belt
is cheaper in a Mercer.

Its motor of small bore ($3\frac{3}{4}$ inches)
and long stroke ($6\frac{3}{4}$ inches) gives
exceptional ability with very mod-
erate gas consumption.

Its accessible design saves labor
and cuts the heart out of every
repair bill.

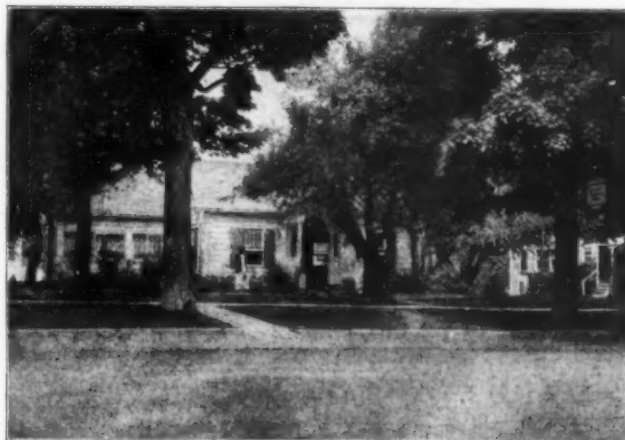
Its moderate weight and the cor-
rect distribution of that weight
insure high tire mileage.

Its high resale value reduces to a
minimum the biggest factor of pas-
senger mileage cost—depreciation.

A Hare's Motors product, it is
built with close attention to the
fundamentals.

EQUINOX PRODUCTS

GORDON
DRY
GINGER ALE



Equinox Spa and Pavilion

Manchester, Vermont

EQUINOX PRODUCTS

SARSAPARILLA
A Healthful Beverage
for Children

*The Scarcity of Sugar and Railway Transportation
Difficulties Make Production Costly and Difficult.*



*Equinox Prices
have not been
Advanced to
Consumers.*

Equinox and Gordon Dry
Ginger Ale and
Sarsaparilla
\$3.50 per case
Delivered at Residence
East of Mississippi River.
(Breakage Refunded.)
24-12½ oz. Bottles.

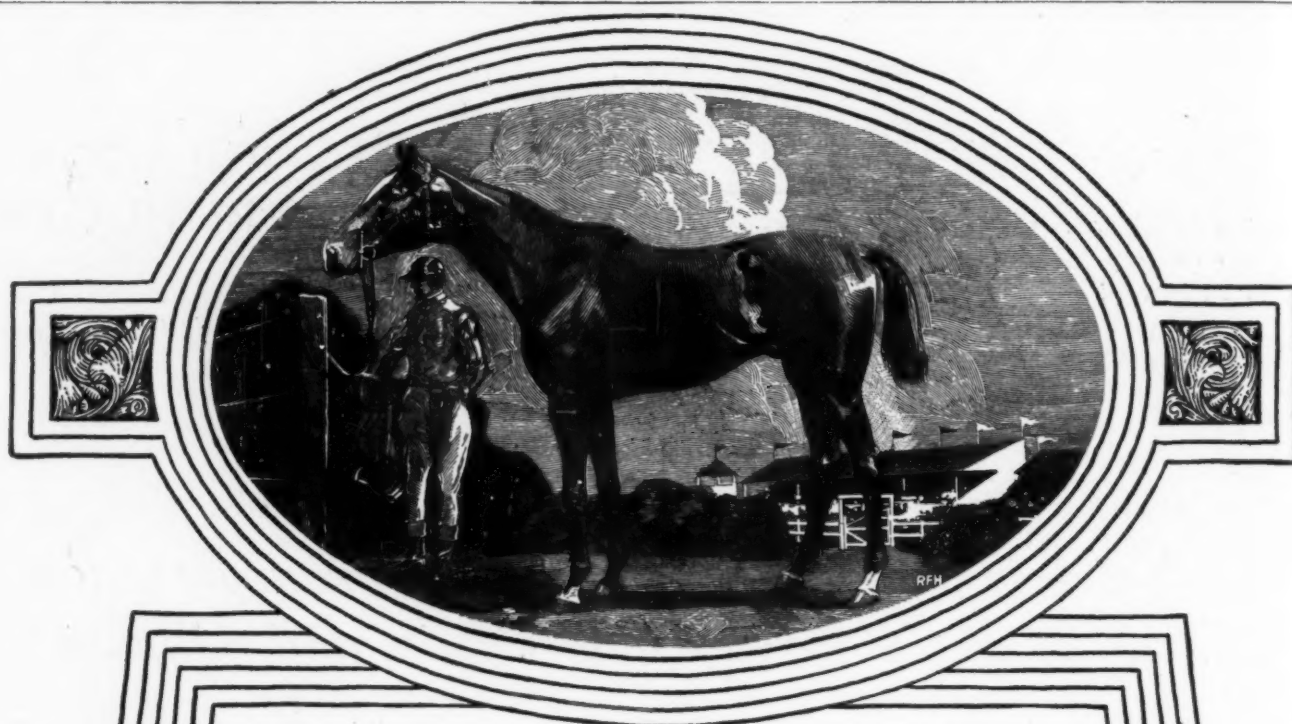
Sparkling Water
\$3.30 per case.

Orders may be placed now
for delivery at residence later,
insuring attention and supply.

The company will deliver through dealers, or directly, as advisable.

ADVERTISING DEPT.
MANCHESTER
VT.

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LIFE



Andrew Loomis

He: AFTER WE ARE MARRIED, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO PUT YOU ON AN ALLOWANCE, DEARIE?
"THAT'S OLD STUFF, DARLING. A MUCH BETTER WAY IS TO GIVE ME ALL YOU MAKE, AND THEN I'LL
PUT YOU ON ONE."

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1910, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column. Checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and addressed to LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Balance	\$2,773.27
E. W. McBrien and F. H. Frankland	10.00
A friend	100.00
"A friend"	100.00
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T. W. C.	10.00
W. G. Puddefoot	2.00
Mrs. Burr Porter	10.00
Lissa M. Cutler	3.00
Susan Toy Morse	50.00
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Henry Prentiss	10.00
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In memory of Doctors Tom, Dick and Harry	3.00
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ON THE WAY TO LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

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Henry L. Finch	10.00
Mrs. Eckley B. Cox	25.00
"A Rotarian"	5.00
N. B. Hersloff	25.00

\$4,860.32

These acknowledgments include all contributions received before June 10, 1920.

"WOULD you risk your life for a friend?"

"Well, I took a drink of homemade liquor with one yesterday."

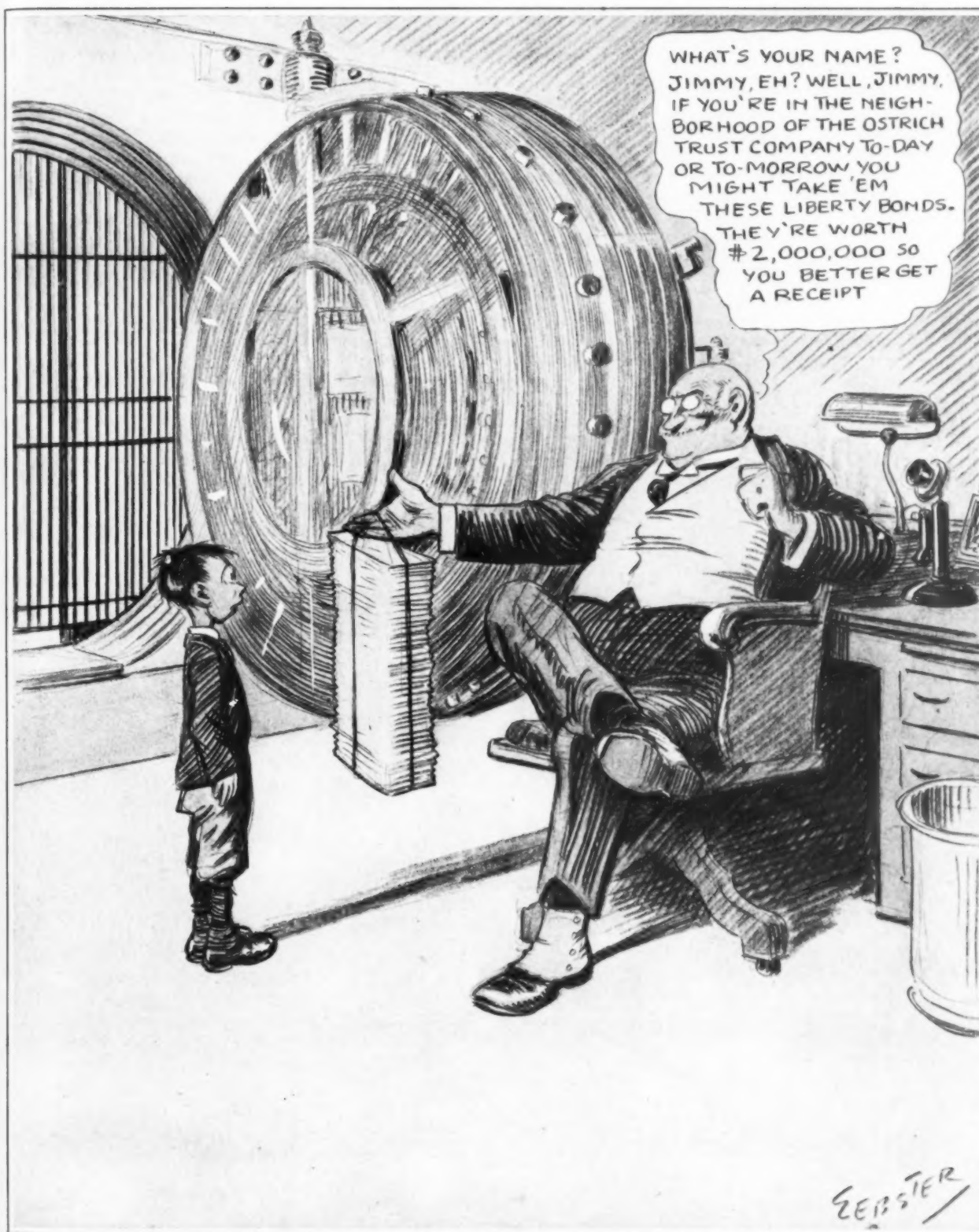
The American Legion Speaks

THE plunging phalanx taught the world the majesty of Greece;
The Roman legion bent the world beneath a Roman peace;
The embattled farmers turned to flint-lock, grubbing-hoe and plough,
But we've a different task before our home-bred Legion now.

The foes abroad have crumbled, and are shaken to the stem;
We have a harder matter than to crush the like of them—
To foil the foes within, that strive with suave, repeated shock
To batter down our shrines and make democracy a mock.

No matter where we find them—all these foes we suffer from,
Injustice, tyranny and greed, the lynch-rope and the bomb—
Our task's to end them, and to save what ancient anguish wrought,
And hand our sons unmarred what truth to us our fathers taught.

Clement Wood.



THE CONSERVATIVE, HARD-HEADED BANKER
WHO REFUSES TO CASH A TWO-DOLLAR CHECK FOR US WITHOUT PROPER IDENTIFICATION

The English Language and the British Dialect

CHAUCER wrote verse in French; Milton wrote verse in Latin; Gibbon wrote his first book in French, and hesitated whether to compose his towering history of Rome's decline in his inherited English or in his borrowed French. But in our time M. Jusserand has put his history of English literature into idiomatic English; the late Dutchman, Schwartz, took the name of Maarten Maartens and wrote his novels in English; and the living Pole, who now calls himself Joseph Conrad, is writing wondrous tales in English of an indisputable distinction.

The whirligig of time brings strange revenges, and just now the pointer on its wheel indicates that English bids fair to succeed French as a world-language as French succeeded Latin.

In a preface to a new collected edition of his works Mr. Conrad declares that when he commenced, English was

for him "neither a matter of choice or adoption." He asserts that "the merest idea of choice had never entered my head. As to adoption—well, yes, there was adoption; but it was I who was adopted by the genius of the language, which *directly* I came out of the stammering stage, made me its own so completely that its very idioms, I truly believe, had a direct action on my temperament and fashioned my still plastic character." That is well put. But how about the use of *directly* for *as soon as*? The genius of the language did not tell Mr. Conrad to employ that abhorrent Briticism—an abomination not to be found in the pages of any of the other masters of English. Eternal vigilance is the price of purity of language; and if Mr. Conrad is not careful we may yet catch him writing "like we do" and "aren't I?" That way linguistic madness lies.

B. M.

A Congressional Oversight

TO-DAY I saw a shocking sight—
A bee pursue a drunken flight
Across a garden fair, so full
Of honied sweets delectable
That he scarce knew
Just where he flew.
He sank into a rose-bloom fair
And, sad to say, just wallowed there,
And buzzed a roistering sort of song
That to some tavern might belong,
And filled my soul
With grievous dole
That Congress issues no decrees
Of Prohibition for the bees.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Page the Pathfinder

THE Parlor Bolshevik was excited.
"Where are we going?" he cried.
"I do not know. But I *do* know that
along the untrodden paths of the future
we can see the hidden footprints of an
unseen hand!"



Tammas: LOSH KEEP ME! WHAT AILS M'TAVISH—AN' WHAT'S YON CHUNE HE'S TRYIN' TAE
PLAY ON HIS PIPES?

Saunders: AMERR-R-ICAN WHUSKY—"TH' STAR-R-R-SPANG-LET BANNER."



Angry Girl: YOU MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE CHOSEN A DEEPER PLACE. I'D RATHER BE NEARLY DROWNED THAN MADE RIDICULOUS

The Ex-Soldier's Litany

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Remember, Lord, our offenses; neither forget Thou that we served, even as we were bid. Spare us, good Lord, from the half-hearted co-operation of an indifferent people.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all government red tape and officials; from inefficiency and ill treatment; from hard-boiled orders; from delay and carelessness; from official mail (penalty for private use three hundred dollars) and the contents thereof,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From the pleasures of the Reconstruction Board; from its insolent and heedless subordinates; from their gross neglect, unconcern, malice and from all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From society matrons and débutantes; from disinterested employers; from promises broken and promises not meant; from back pay unpaid; from lapses of

insurance and from sudden cessation of our just indemnities,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We soldiers do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord; that it may please Thee to keep us from neglect and disparagement and to aid us to earn our bread;

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please thee to afford us parts for those that we have lost and employment for that which we did surrender and recognition as brother beings;

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please Thee to give to us now, in the hour of our need, hope of the fruits of the earth, even as was done to the workers in the shipyards and in the factories of munitions and in other essential industries,

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

That it may please Thee to defend and provide for, without Form A and Form 127-CX and doctor's certificate and typewritten enclosure and photograph; without delay upon delay and subsequent loss, and ill-humor and lackadaisical in-

sensibility and inattention, the fatherless children and widows, and mothers bereaved, and all who are desolate and oppressed.

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Henry William Hanemann.

Monibund

THE great question as to whether the dead still live continues to occupy the front of the national stage. But the real question ought to be, Will the dead people we see all about us ever come to life before they pass over? The world is full of people in all stages of mental dissolution.

Progress?

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: Well, how are you making out?

SECOND B. M.: Wonderful. Why, we are doing such a successful business that we are not any deeper in debt than we were three months ago.



The Legion and the Service Men

THERE is something in politics that we call "the Organization." All parties have one. All the churches have one. Back of the Organization is the body of the voters, including many rebels and many indifferent persons. Every living creature has an organization which is necessary to its earthly life, and back of it is a spiritual nature, usually more or less in conflict with it.

The Legion is an organization of the men who got into military service in the war. At present it is the only organization that aspires to represent them. It offers them the only means, as yet, of combined action, but back of the Legion is the mass of those men who saw military service and who may or may not be in sympathy and agreement with the organization that aspires to represent them. It was in the papers the other day that about eleven per cent. of the service men were members of the Legion, so when we say that the Legion does thus or so, or approves or disapproves such and such measures, we must not feel, as we are so prone to feel, that the whole body of men who saw service are back of that thought or that approval.

The first aim of an organization is continued life. The first aim of the body is to live. The soul may reach a level where it becomes more or less indifferent whether the body lives or not. As long as it helps the soul, the soul will wish to keep it going. When it stands between the soul and its purposes, the soul may come to a disposition to let it go hang. The Legion represents the body of the service men, but it may or may not represent their soul.

AS long as the country was in the war, everybody worked together, and most people put aside in great measure everything but the common object. The great body of the service men did the same. They were in the service to win the war. They spared nothing to do it. But after the armistice the country generally, and not unnaturally, reverted to self-interests. The political organizations took thought how they might keep alive and keep or attain power, and they got back quickly to fighting one another. The dollar-a-year men got out of government employ back to the job of making a living. Most people in the coun-

try got back to their employments as rapidly as they could, and all that was right and necessary. The service men did the same as soon as they could manage it, and of course they shared more or less the common infection of self-interest; seeing which the organization that aspired to represent them put up the bonus plan, which should appeal to the self-interest of its members and supporters.

So the service men seem to have done about what everybody else has done, and, so far as their organization represents them, have tried to get what they could. But just as there is a great deal more patriotism and spirituality in the country at large than there is in the political organizations; and just as there is more Christianity in the Church than there is in ecclesiastical organizations, so there is a lot more capacity for unselfish action in the mass of the service men than one would suppose who judges them by the efforts of their organization to pass the bonus bill. All over the world now it looks as though nothing that was good had come out of the war. It looks as though all mankind had reverted to selfishness. It looks as though the spiritual state of the world was worse than it was in 1914. But that is deceptive, and is part of a great process of readjustment, of which a great factor is the desire of everyone concerned in it to get his own.

THE service men have been made to seem to be grabbers, but that is mostly because most of the leadership that looks the other way from self-interest dissolved after the war. That kind of leadership in the country in general became impotent. The after-the-war jobs, for the most part, have not been well done. What was due to the service men has not been done for them as it should have been. The intention has been good enough, but it seems not to have been possible to find the men to carry it out as it should have been carried out. In the treatment of the disabled, though a vast deal has been done, it has been done under difficulties, greatly hampered by red tape and incompetent officials. It has been impossible to keep sufficiently able men steadily in those employments that concern the care of the

(Continued on page 41)



If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.
John McCrae.



"WELL, IF THAT'S ALL YE'VE GOT, I S'POSE I GOT TO BE SATISFIED, BUT I DUNNO HOW YE EXPECT ME TO PAY EXPENSES AT THIS RATE."

The Effect

BEFORE the war:

Biff Smith spent his evenings at Mahoney's Kelly pool parlors; Rafael Lugari could be located any time after seven P. M. at Tony Marconi's place around the corner; Oscar Schmitz was sure to be found at Krieger's bowling hall; Pedro Cortez had a comfortable chair in the Española family hotel; François Montmartre was usually in the gallery of the Théâtre Française, while Wladek Pulaski could be paged wherever the Society for Polish Liberation was meeting on that particular evening.

Since the war:

You can find the whole gang up in the American Legion Hall.

As Usual

JONES: The price of sugar has gone up five cents on the pound.

SMITH: Why?

"Maybe some person down at Washington suggested there might possibly be a shortage of sugar."

Americanization

CALL him a dago, a hunkie, a wop;
Treat him as someone inane and inferior;
Turn up your nose at his house and his shop,
Show yourself thus his decided superior.
Sneer at his gestures and laugh at his speech;
Always applaud when your funny man guys him,
Then when you've widened and deepened the breach,
Weep that you cannot Americanize him!

Has he a houseful of children? Oh, my!
What an example of gross impropriety!
Doesn't he know some Americans cry
Out on a menace like this to society?
How can we hope to enlighten his mind?
What can we do if the prudent despise him?
Where for such families a home can we find?
How can we hope to Americanize him?

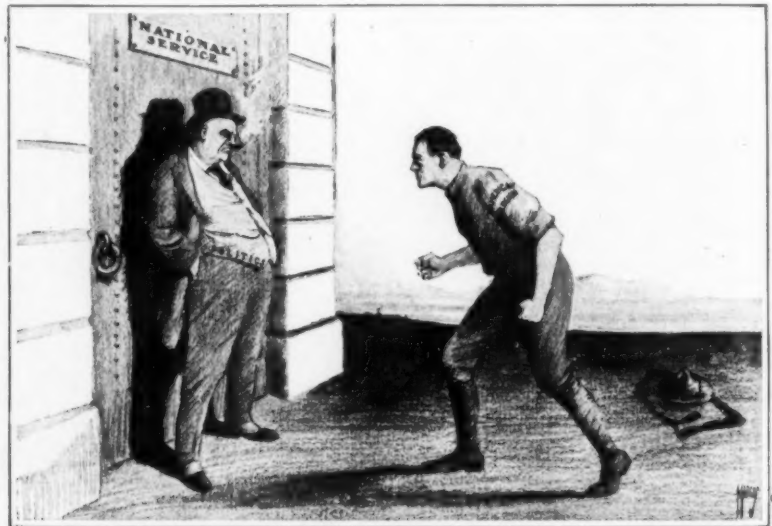
What of his background and what of his race?
What of his culture inherent or national?
Questions like this enter into the case;
Relevant they to a matter so rational.
Let us get down to the rock-bottom fact—
Oft 'tis our prejudice only that tries him;
Treat him with knowledge and justice and tact—
That is the way to Americanize him.

Denis A. McCarthy.

Definition

A POOR listener is a man who insists on telling you what his new car can do and what his old car could do and what his next year's car is going to do, when you want to tell him what your golf game was last year and what it is this year and what you are going to develop it into by next year.

THE world needs reformers more than ever now, because there is always the work of some former reformer to be undone.



CAN HE ABOLISH THE MIDDLEMAN?

Not All Official

THE world got to be so that it consisted entirely of official minds. Only one man remained who had not learned how to act officially.

This man wandered around in a wilderness of bank presidents, of committee chairmen, of government inspectors, of machine appointees.

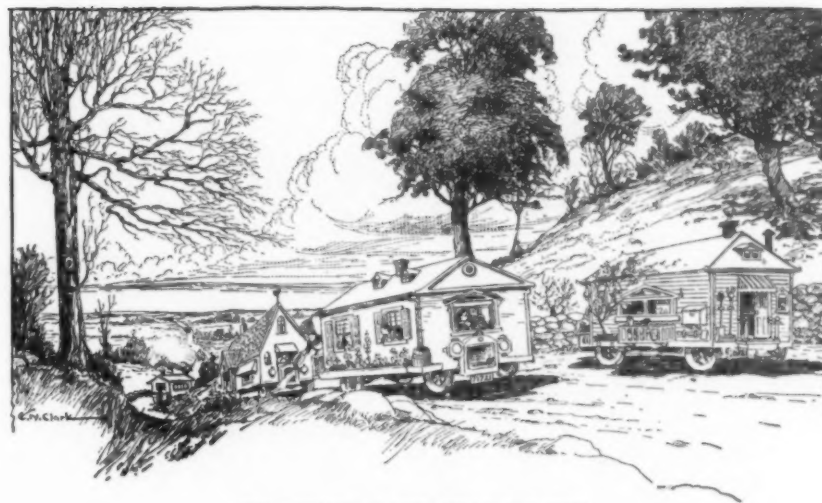
He was the loneliest man in the world, yet he would not stop being unofficial.

"I cannot mingle on equal terms with the unkind," he declared. "And this, I understand, is said to be the *summum bonum*, whatever that is, of human aspirations; but I prefer to be unhappy rather than official."

And so he wandered from bureau to bureau, from headquarters to headquarters, from filing system to filing system.

"I cannot understand," he muttered, "why they let me live. I have never been able to sign a certificate of stock properly. I do not know how to address the speaker on a question of privilege. I could not file a claim, identify a lost article in the presence of the superintendent of a railroad, or know a real caucus if I saw one. I wonder why they are so tolerant of my offensive imbecility?"

Then a great light came over him as the hubbub about him increased. They were so occupied in meeting one another's requirements that he was being overlooked. New systems of officialdom were



IT'S CHEAPER TO MOVE THAN PAY RENT

constantly arising, and they began fighting among themselves as to which should have the precedence. And in all the fury of contention a deep sleep came over him.

When he awoke they were all gone. They had killed themselves fighting about which should be first. The last victor among them died because he had nobody to contend with. Then the man arose and made a big bonfire of all the systems and reports and precedents, and sat on a bank and picked a daisy and said:

"There must be one woman left who never has been on a committee, who never

has followed a schedule of the hundred best breakfasts, who is not a member of any organization, who never cast a ballot. She loves me, she loves me not—"

And the girl came and put her head on his shoulder.

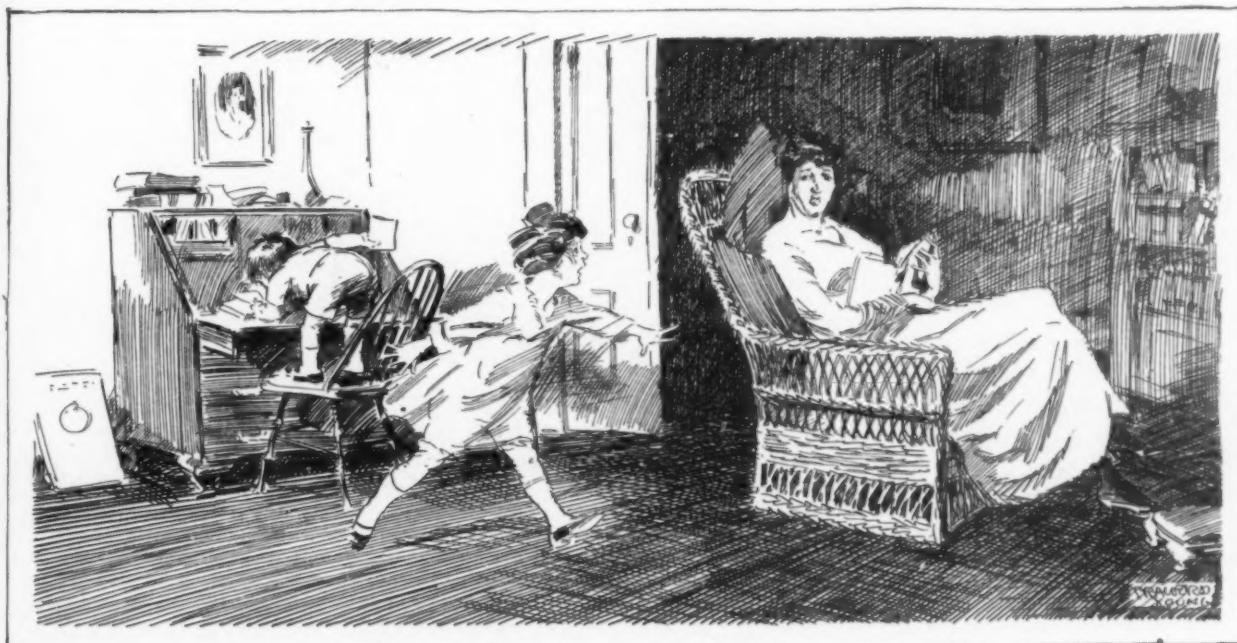
"Where were you," he inquired—after a pause—"while it was all going on?"

"I took mother's place." T. L. M.

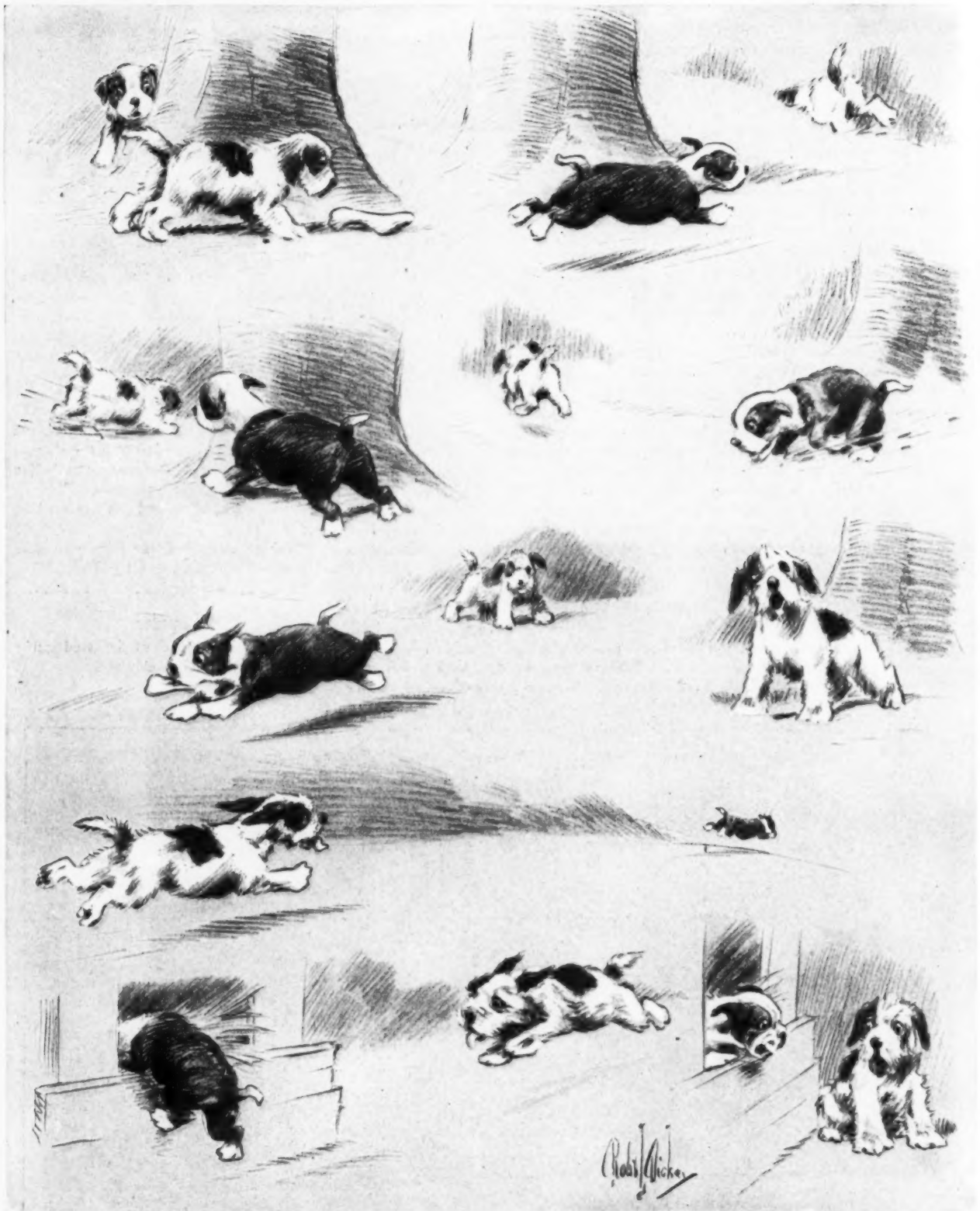
Popular

"WHAT'S this place of departed spirits I hear so much about?"

"Must be Havana."



"OH! MOTHER! WILLIE'S TORN THREE LEAVES OUT OF THE CALENDAR AN' MADE IT MONDAY!"



"Findin's 's keepin's"



"MY DEAR, SUCH DIAMONDS! YOUR HUSBAND MUST 'AVE MADE A POT OF MONEY OUTER THE WAR."
 "PRIVATELY, MY DEAR, HE DID, ALTHOUGH IT WOULDN'T DO FOR US TO SPEAK OF IT. JIM WAS SAY-
 ING ONLY YESTERDAY THAT HE DIDN'T CARE NOW WHETHER WE EVER HAD ANOTHER WAR OR NOT."

The Other American Legion

THERE is another American Legion, unnumbered, voiceless, often sad; and upon its invisible roster are the names of all the men who wanted to go but could not; the men who once thought that wars were over, romance dead, and at the end of boyhood made themselves shackles, some of silk, others of the clanging metals of the industries soon to be called essential; men whom the great day found with hearts of twenty but cares of forty.

Recruits who marched through the country towns and city streets on their way to a thousand camp trains may have noticed those fellows who fell in behind them and tramped all the way, heads up, to do them honor. Men of this other legion, men who could not go, marched their many miles to the measures of streamered bands that had left them behind, to the melody of youth, the dim drums of boyhood.

You gaunt, iron men of the year of blood, 1918, came back to walk lanes of adulation at home-town reviews. Eyes front, you could not see the expressions of the packed-in men of the other legion, there to applaud you, face to face with their trouble, the fact that the great opportunity was over, their scroll of youth snapped shut.

On the parade ground of America's youth of every age the men of the other legion salute you, men of the American Legion. Will you receive their salute?

Not These Days

MR. HOPEFUL (to former man-of-all-work): Come out to my place to-morrow, Joe. I have several things for you to do.

JOE: How much-a you pay?

"Oh, I'll pay you what it's worth, all right."

"No—no. No can work for that."



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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senator from that settlement, which is nothing against him, as there must be senators. He is a good husband, and is popular in his family and state, though not so popular as Governor Cox. There is no controlling reason why anybody should not vote for him who thinks that after two terms of Mr. Wilson we ought to have some nice man from Ohio in the White House—some man like President McKinley. Mr. Harding is all but guaranteed to be just like President McKinley. His wife prefers that he should continue to be senator. Remarking what happened to McKinley, Roosevelt and Wilson, she regards the presidency as too hazardous a job for a family man.

Mr. Harding is a newspaper man by profession, and has worked hard and with reasonable success at that exhausting employment, but that is nothing against him, either.

Mr. Coolidge is also a nice man, highly valued in his family, and considerably respected in Massachusetts, of which he is governor. He is a graduate of Amherst College and an habitual office-holder, which is almost as tragic as to be a school-teacher. So far as known, he has always held office to the satisfaction of the intelligent public of Massachusetts.

An habitual office-holder who is really good at that occupation, and can subsist on such salaries as are paid in it, ought to

be encouraged. The country needs such men.

So far as known, Mr. Coolidge is not related to the Mr. Louis Coolidge who went to Chicago as a delegate from Boston and was on the Platform Committee and assisted in swatting the Treaty. Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the candidate, never did anything to the Treaty that one recalls.

These gentlemen, Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge, are what the Republicans offer to the country as candidates for the jobs now held down by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Marshall. Local interest in them hereabouts is not uncontrollable, but that is partly because so much of the local public mind as is not concentrated on baseball and high prices is taken up with another person, not obviously nice either in habits or associates, and of no use to his wife, on whom fame has been thrust ever since he was found dead in his chair the other morning with a bullet hole through his head. Perhaps the Republican nominations are languidly considered because the newspapers and the public mind are engrossed in the Elwell murder; perhaps the newspapers and the public mind have turned to the Elwell murder because they did not wish to think about the Republican nominations. There are times when a detective story is the only thing a man wants to read, and these times of this writing are doubtless of that description.

Big Bro. Bill Taft has turned resolutely to duty and disclosed in three columns of the *Tribune* that the Republican platform is not really opposed to the Treaty and the League with the Lodge reservations, but was obliged to dissemble its regard for them for strategical reasons. Mr.

Taft thinks that if the Republicans win, the League will be accepted as soon as possible after the Fourth of next March. What Belligerent Bro. Hiram Johnson will say to that is too awful to think about, and not necessary to dwell on while the convenient Elwell mystery continues to afford a refuge from reflection.

But even Elwell cannot keep the many-minded Republican leaders out of one another's hair. General Wood, freed from his silencer by the action of the convention, resents the intimation of Dr. Butler that the Wood promoters were "a motley group of stock gamblers, oil and mining promoters, munitions makers and other like persons." "A vicious and malicious falsehood," he calls Dr. Butler's charge, regretting that he should have to say so, but finding it "necessary in this instance to brand a faker and denounce a lie."



HOWEVER, both Wood and Butler will doubtless support the ticket, and so will Kenyon of Iowa and Lenroot of Wisconsin, both of whom regret that George Harvey and the Bitter-Enders got away with the convention. What La Follette will do is not disclosed yet. That Amos Pinchot is beating the drum for a bolt is not very alarming. What Hearst will do will not appear until after the Democratic Convention. Mr. Gompers says the nominations perfectly fit the platform, and Henry Holt says, "The platform amounts to nothing, and, as the tail cannot wag the dog, the nomination amounts to nothing." Mr. Holt would have the Democrats nominate Hoover.

What the convention seems really to have done was to come out for government by a committee of the Senate, and put up a man for President who seemed likely to accommodate himself to that arrangement. There is much to support the



"THIS IS IT! FALL IN!"

opinion that the presidency of the United States has come to be too big a job for any one man, and the senators doubtless want to alleviate its burdens. That is kind, but a President once elected has powers, and is liable in the days of his authority not to remember his creators.



THE *World* considers that the nomination of Harding might have been averted if Hoover had stuck to his original position as "an independent progressive" and kept out of the Republican primaries in California. It argues that when he made it impossible for the Democrats to nominate him, he made it unnecessary for the Republicans to do so, and gave the Old Guard the chance to clinch its hold on the Republican organization.

That may be, though the position that the *World* would have had Hoover maintain may have been temperamentally impossible for him. Certainly he cut no figure at all at Chicago. He has not said, at this writing, whether he will support the Republican ticket, and perhaps he will not feel it necessary to make any declaration on that subject. He is not a politician at all. He is an engineer, adminis-

trator and economist. But the President is the leader of his party, and ought to be a skilful politician and practiced in that calling. Hoover is the most useful public servant in the world. He should be employed in world-service. He seems not likely to be considered at all by the Democrats for the presidency; but whoever wins the election, the President-to-be should have gumption enough to get the utmost possible service out of Hoover.

It may be for the best in the long run that the Old Guard was left free to do its will at Chicago, and it may be for the best that Hoover should not be President, but should be saved for other labors. It remains that he stands as no one else does for what the war was fought to win and for what hundreds of thousands of people want to see accomplished. With him as a candidate the Republicans could have won, but evidently he did not represent the controlling sentiments of that party.



COLONEL HOUSE has gone abroad, and there is a good deal of speculation in the papers about his errand in

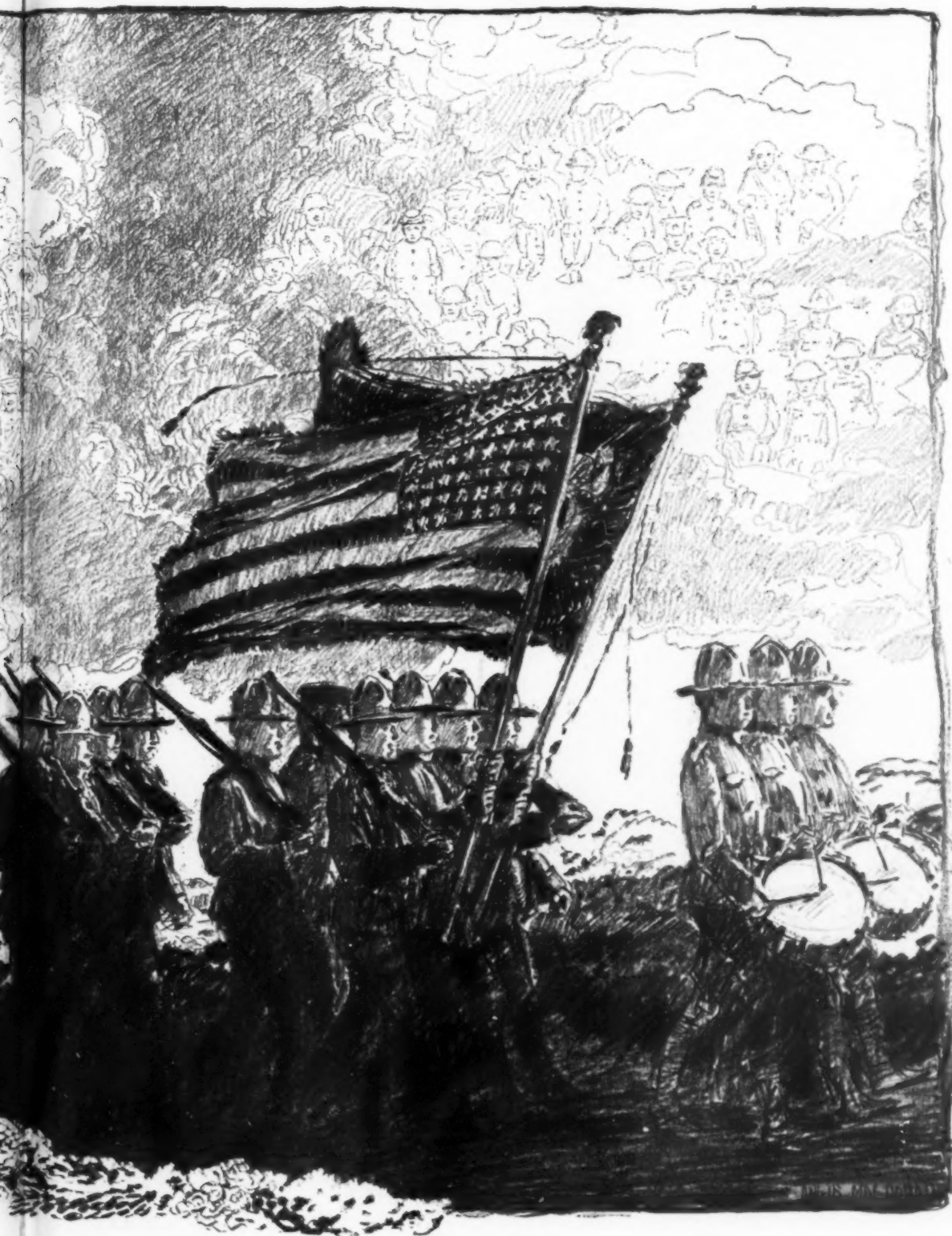
Europe. It is discussed whether he represents our government or the President in any way. The State Department says he doesn't, thereby confirming what he said himself before his departure. According to Mr. Arthur D. Howden Smith, correspondent of the *Globe*, he went "in response to repeated and urgent requests for his advice from European statesmen of all persuasions," and Mr. Smith disclosed to the length of a column and a half how many bad tangles there were in Europe that needed his attention.

But, after all, how much does Mr. Smith know about the Colonel's plans and purposes? It is obvious, he said on June 10th, that Colonel House "would not seek the present time for a vacation sojourn across the Atlantic." But why is it obvious? Colonel House is quite apt to take to water just before presidential conventions. He does not thrive on heat or noise. He started for Europe a few days before the Baltimore Convention that nominated Mr. Wilson the first time, and was in Europe, we believe, at the time of his second nomination.

Colonel House is a sagacious man who has many friends. There must be lots of people in Europe whom he would like to talk to and lots who would like to talk to him. No doubt he will converse over there, but it will be as a private citizen; one of the most private private-citizens extant.



The Same Spi





SAD FLIGHT OF OLD "HI" COST
A VICTIM OF THE RECENT CYCLONE

Some Revised Versions

"I HAVE not yet begun to strike."—
John Paul Jones.

"I am sorry I have no more strife to
give to my country."—*Nathan Hale.*

"My country, right or wrong. If right,
to get her in wrong."—*Stephen Decatur.*

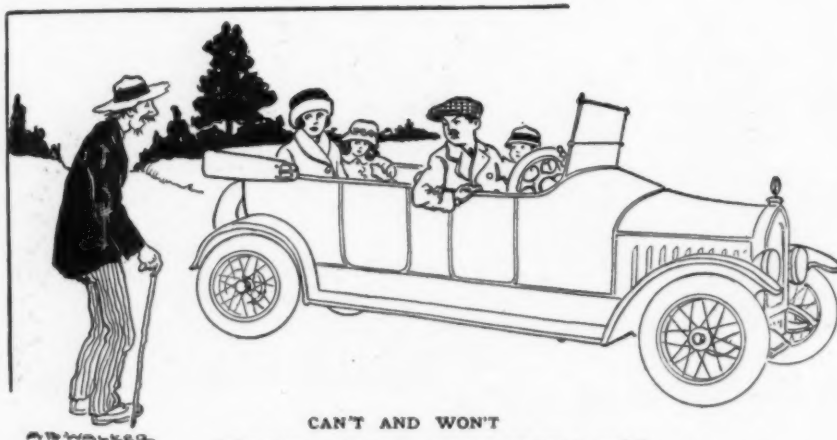
"Turn, boys, turn! We're going to
quit."—*Phil Sheridan at Cedar Creek.*

"I propose to idle it out on this line if
it takes all summer."—*U. S. Grant.*

An Insinuation?

"I DON'T believe in long engagements.
Do you?"

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: No, indeed;
especially when one has to wait so long
before one becomes engaged.



CAN'T AND WON'T

"I'M LOST. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I AM?"
"NO, SIR. I'M THE VILLAGE IDIOT, AND I DON'T KNOW NOTHING."

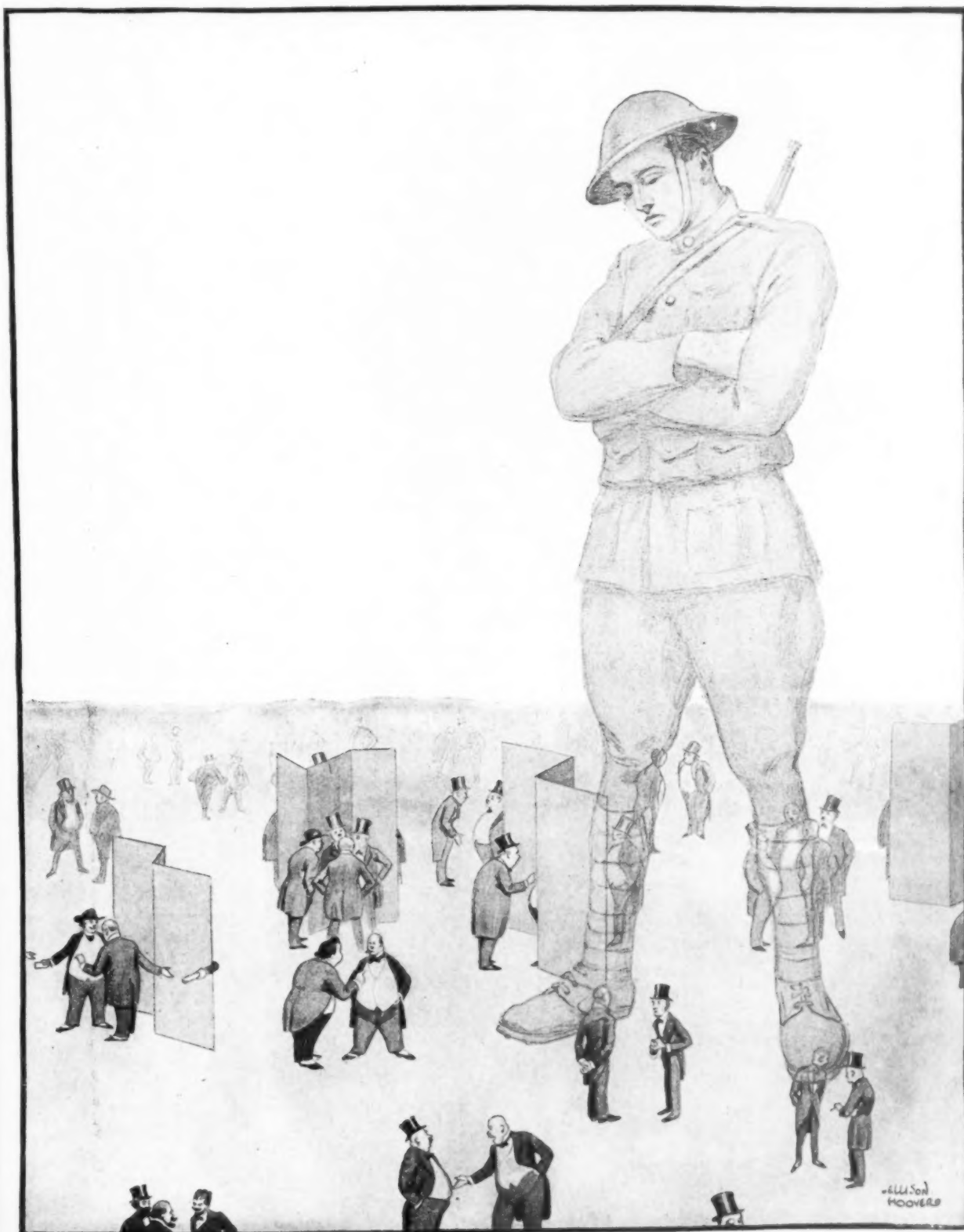
American Legion—Pass!

INTO the white lanes of peace once more,
American Legion—pass!
Back to the soil of your own native shore,
American Legion—pass!
Back to the mothers by whom you were
born,
Back to the nation whose heart strings
were torn,
Waiting in racking suspense for the
morn—
American Legion—pass!

Out of the battle that's not for forgetting,
American Legion—pass!
Out of the trials man-making, soul-fret-
ting,
American Legion—pass!
Back from the victory all of us willed for
you,
Back from the fields where lie hearts that
were stilled for you,
Back to the sight of the eyes blindly filled
for you,
American Legion—pass!

Into a future all shoulder to shoulder
American Legion—pass!
With heart that is steadier, step that is
bolder,
American Legion—pass!
Holding the flag of the freeman on high
for us,
Ready again to take up arms and die
for us,
Crushing the Lord of the War with his
lie, for us,
American Legion—pass!
Joseph Andrew Galahad.

THE center of population in good so-
ciety has shifted from the drawing-
room to the kitchen.



“ To—make—the—world—safe— ”



"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Sanctum Talks

"**A**H, LIFE! *Bon jour!*"
"Marshal! What honor is this you have conferred upon me? Be seated."

"I have come to felicitate you upon the expression of your good will to my country!"

"*Vive la France!* Marshal, you have saved the world."

"For what? That is what I am now asking myself. Will Germany yet win the war?"

"You mean—?"

"Will France be abandoned? My faith says no, yet—"

"Germany's fleet has been swept from the seas, therefore the danger to ourselves and Great Britain has passed—temporarily. But—"

"France, my friend, may soon be fighting alone. It is this that troubles me. I pray that it may not be so. Where is your boasted idealism?"

"Apparently with a Republican Senate."

"Ah!"

"Marshal Foch, you have but expressed the thought in the minds of all men who love the peace of the world—even though that be an idle dream. But Germany can never win."

"That is true."

"Deep in the hearts of the American people is a lasting love for France."

"You know that to be so?"

"I do."

"I salute you, LIFE!"

"I salute you, Marshal Foch. *Vive la France!*"



SLOW SERVICE

Irate Mr. Robin: THIS IS AN OUTRAGE, HEPSEY. HERE WE'VE ORDERED A NICE DISH OF CATERPILLARS, AND BEFORE THAT RASCALLY WAITER GETS THEM HERE THEY ALL TURN TO BUTTERFLIES AND FLY AWAY

Seicheprey

(One Hundred and Second U. S. Infantry)

THEY say that flowers grow and young larks sing
In that wild corner, close to Seicheprey,
Where, through that grinding night, that endless day,
We stuck it out together, wondering
If the line held, if help would come our way.

Back at the office, at the dry old game,
Starting anew tasks dropped upon the call,
Noting the same old cracks upon the wall
(Even the old desk blotter is the same)—
Can it be true, or did we dream it all?

A little interval, for so life runs—
A vision, framed of splendor and of gloom.
Strange echoes sometimes reach this quiet room—
Faint bursts of shell, far thunder of the guns.
Yet now at Seicheprey the roses bloom.
Francis Parsons.

"Now Is the Time—"

THE time has come," the Walrus said,
setting down his glass beside the
pitcher of ice water, "to talk of many things."

"Oh, dear!" murmured Alice. "I did so hope we wouldn't have any political speeches in Wonderland."

BOOKS

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA (Yale

University Press) is the collective title of a series of fifty short books, each of which deals in a succinct fashion with some phase of American history. These volumes, at present obtainable only by subscription, have been issued ten at a time, the fourth instalment of them now being ready. The final ten will probably be published this fall. The fifty books, though independent of each other, interlock to form a complete and remarkably well-rounded record of the Western world from the days of the red man to the present. Selected with fastidious care, well edited and beautifully printed, their outstanding distinction is the translation of much scholarly knowledge into popular and highly readable narrative. Among the thirty volumes previously published have been such absorbing accounts as *Pioneers of the Old South*, by Mary Johnston; *Colonial Folkways*, by Charles M. Andrews; *The American Spirit in Literature*, by Bliss Perry; *The Forty-niners*, by Stewart Edward White; *The Old Merchant Marine*, by Ralph D. Paine, and *The Age of Big Business*, by Burton J. Hendrick. Brief notes on the latest ten volumes follow:

The Fight for a Free Sea, by Ralph D. Paine, deals with the War of 1812. *The Paths of Inland Commerce*, by Archer B. Hulbert, tells the story of American transportation up to the railroad era inaugurated by the Civil War. *Adventurers of Oregon*, by Constance Lindsay Skinner, is "a chronicle of the fur trade" and of Oregon from Lewis and Clark to statehood, achieved in 1859. *Our Foreigners*, by Samuel P. Orth, keeps a fine perspective in a survey



OLD HABITS STILL CLING

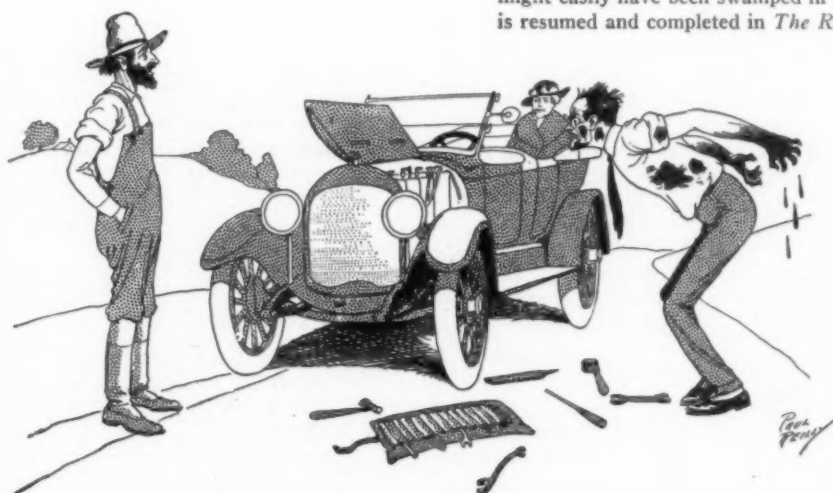
New Valet (ex-first sergeant): COME ON! SNAP OUT OF IT! ON YOUR TOES—
ER—BEG PARDON, SIR. YOUR BATH IS READY, SIR

that runs from Colonial days to the literacy test enacted in 1917, a survey that might easily have been swamped in detail. The story of American transportation is resumed and completed in *The Railroad Builders*, by John Moody, which brings

its account down to February, 1918, and is made especially fascinating by the pictures of such men as Hill and Harriman in action. In writing *The Armies of Labor*, Mr. Orth follows the history of American industrialism to the close of 1918, including the I. W. W. "A Chronicle of Wall Street" is the candid subtitle of Mr. Moody's *The Masters of Capital*, which begins with the rise of the house of Morgan and contains the background that, of necessity, is largely omitted from the volume on *The Railroad Builders* and from Mr. Hendrick's *The Age of Big Business*.

The New South, by Holland Thompson, deals with social and industrial evolution in the half-century since the collapse of the Confederacy and the wretched Reconstruction period. It is perhaps an inevitable defect, from the point of view of

(Continued on page 42)



JUST BEFORE THE JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE

Helpful Rustic (to motorist, unaccountably and irrevocably "stalled"):
SAY, MISTER, WHY DON'T YOU GIT ONE O' THEM THERE-NOW SELF-STARTERS?

Smith

Fifty-four thousand one hundred and eighty Smiths served Uncle Sam in the war. In a statement just issued by the War Department it is announced that all the Smiths that served in the army, navy and marine corps would be able to recruit each of fifteen regiments to a strength of three thousand six hundred.—*New York Evening Sun*.

ERECT, O Fame, a monolith
To these denominated "Smith,"
Who left their farms, their stools and
benches

To serve in muddy fields and trenches.
Let none asperse the bright renown
Of Johnson, Williams, Jones or Brown;
But how the Tyrant must have trembled
When fifty thousand Smiths assembled
In arms to storm the Meuse-Argonne!
(And maybe half were christened
"John.")

Well might the Teuton fly in panic
As onward raged in strength titanic
Like demi-gods of ancient myths
Those fifteen regiments of Smiths!
Will Shakespeare hints, through pure
good nature,

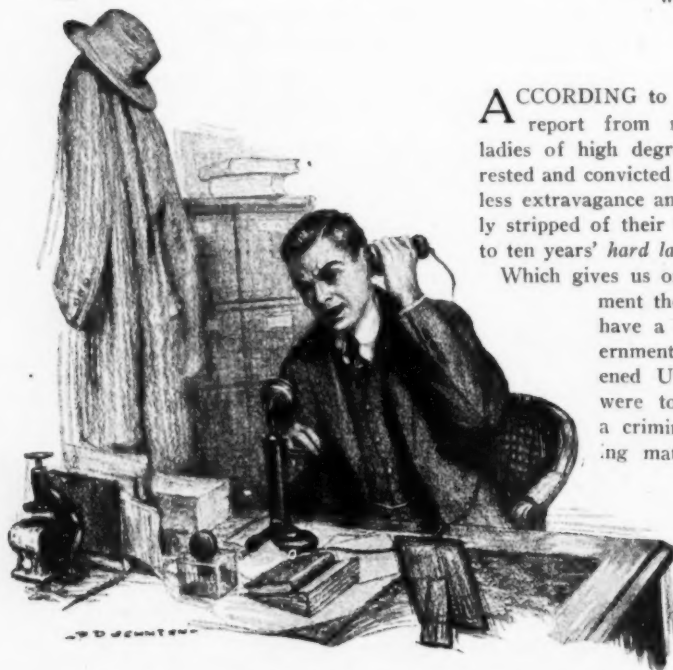
That there's not much in nomenclature;
But when I count the kin and kith
Who bear the honored name of Smith,
I hold, with Lincoln, God must love them
Because He made so many of them.

Arthur Guiterman.



"WE WERE ALWAYS THE BEST OF FRIENDS UNTIL SHE SAID SHE WOULD TRUST ME
WITH HER HUSBAND ON A DESERT ISLAND—THE CAT!"

LOYALTY, thy name is Legion!



"AND TO THINK I BOASTED IN FRANCE ABOUT THE AMERICAN
TELEPHONE SERVICE!"

The Overall Movement in Russia

ACCORDING to a well authenticated report from reddest Russia, two ladies of high degree were recently arrested and convicted on a charge of needless extravagance and ostentation, publicly stripped of their finery, and sentenced to ten years' hard labor.

Which gives us one more cause to lament the fact that we do not have a Soviet form of government in these unenlightened United States. If we were to make extravagance a criminal offense—regulating matters so that a man

would receive a thirty-day sentence for consuming an ice-cream soda, six months for buying an orchestra seat from a theatre-ticket speculator, ten years

for wearing a camel's-hair polo coat, and the electric chair for purchasing a seven-passenger, chintz-lined limousine—the entire country would have to be converted into a penitentiary and we should be forced to import a few million policemen from Russia to enforce the law.

It would be a magnificent solution of the labor problem, and it would probably be a source of far less inconvenience than the present method of curbing extravagance by means of luxury taxes.

R. E. S.

Not Handicapped

"I'M going to be a bigger man than George Washington ever was," announced the young hopeful, looking up from his book.

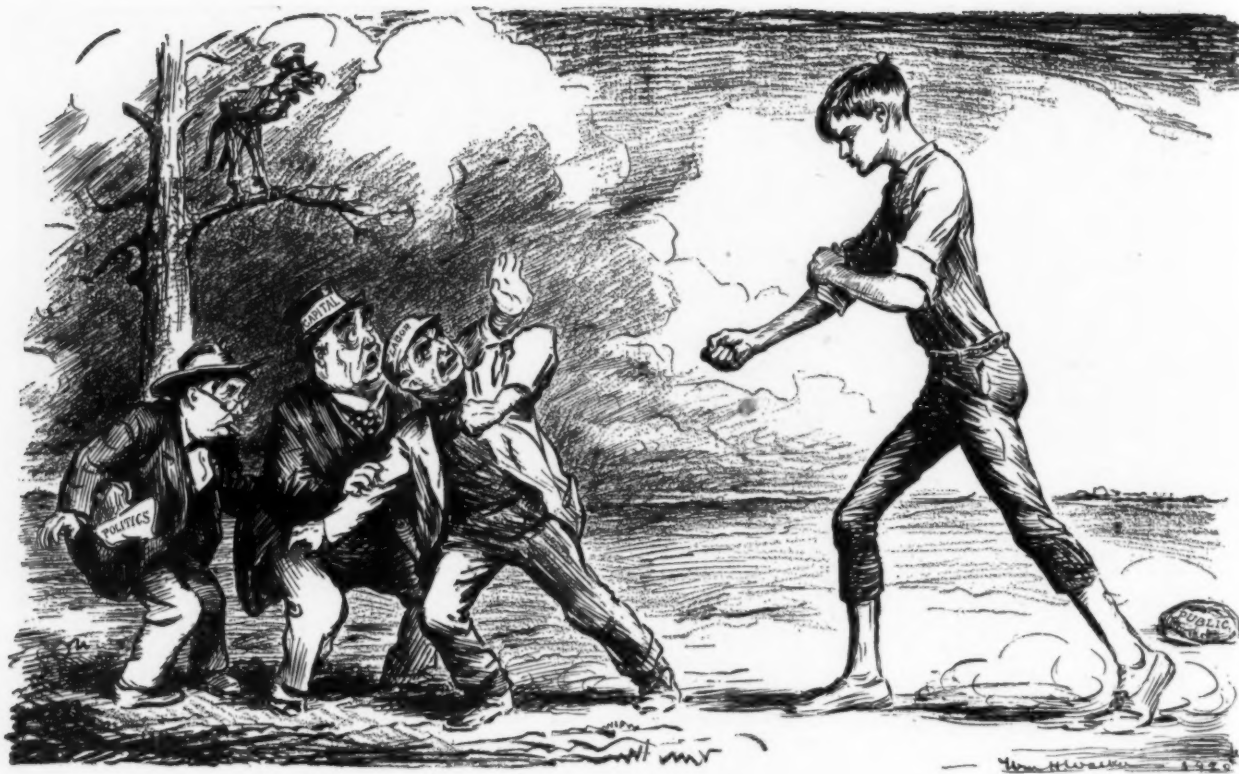
"I'm very glad to hear it, but what makes you think so?" inquired the proud but puzzled parent.

"Why, this book says he couldn't tell a lie, and I can, 'cause I've tried it!" triumphantly proclaimed the little wretch.



IMPUNITY?

"AMONG THE QUIET WOODS OF AMERONGEN I CAN FINISH MY DAYS IN PERFECT TRANQUILLITY
AND REST"



THE WORM WILL TURN

"YOU FELLOWS HAVE PICKED ON ME LONG ENOUGH"

A Glorious Anniversary

THE first anniversary of the de-alcoholization of the United States of America will be celebrated on July 1, 1920, with appropriate exercises conducted under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League.

The official program of events for the day is as follows:

10:00 A. M.—Choral Society of School Children will proceed to the Central Park Reservoir and sing "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and "I'll See You in C-U-B-A."

10:30 A. M.—Officials of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will place a floral wreath upon the Old Oaken Bucket.

11:00 A. M.—Officials of the Ex-Bartenders' Union will place a floral wreath upon the Lion Brewery.

12:00 M.—Free lunch.

2:00 P. M.—The author of the Volstead Act will be presented with a pewter loving cup (empty) by the Association of Those Who Have Profited

by Prohibition, including representatives of the Boards of Trade of Havana (Cuba) and Montreal (Quebec), druggists, vaudeville comedians, manufacturers of "water" stills, professional lobbyists and musical comedy librettists.

3:15 P. M.—Address in the City College Stadium by Professor Innis Trevor Gribble on "The Psychology of the Still; or, Every Man's Kitchen His Chemical Laboratory." Sample cakes of yeast and simple recipes will be presented to all. Admission by card.

5:00 P. M.—Pageant and masque entitled "How St. George Slew the Flagon," interpreted by the following distinguished cast:

St. George (Prohibition),	Wm. H. Anderson
Rye	William Sunday
Gin	Colonel Bryan
Vermouth...	Dr. John Roach Straton
The Flagon.....	Pussyfoot Johnson

7:00 P. M.—Fireworks, but no fire-water.

The day will be one of national rejoicing, and it is therefore urged that all liquor dealers enter into the spirit of the occasion and close their saloons at 6 P. M. sharp.

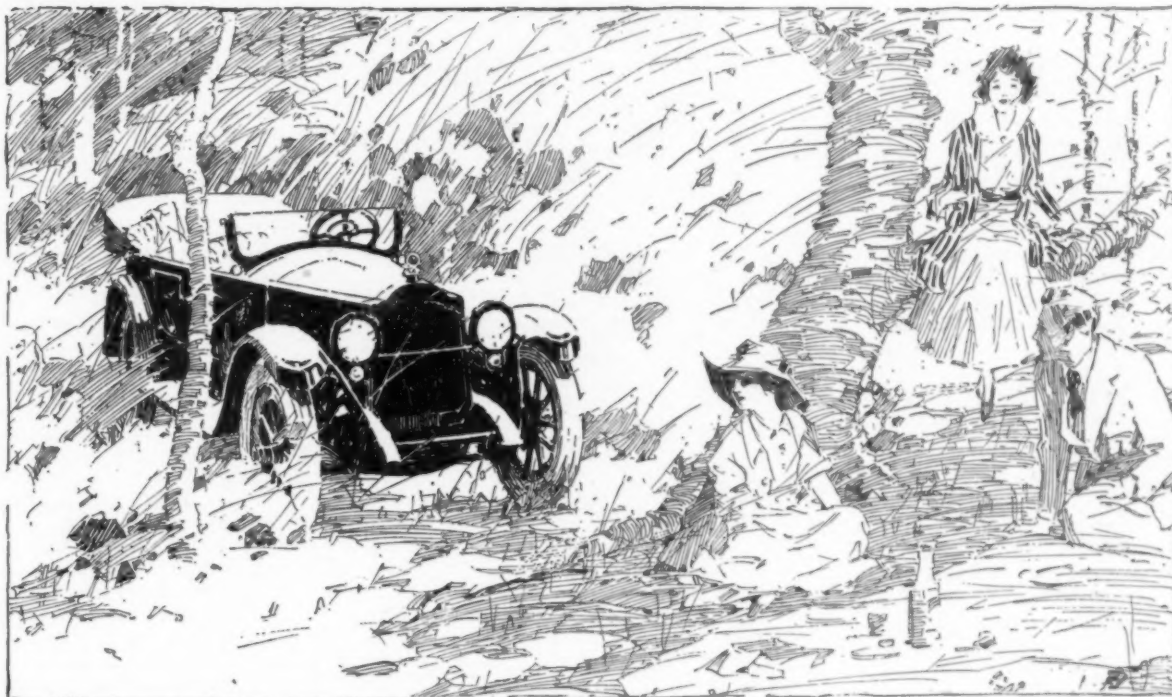
R. E. Sherwood.

The Pup Speaks

MY dad is home from overseas, It makes your spine just creep an' freeze,

When he tells of the fights he saw;
He got a wound in his left paw
Draggin' a man from some old well
Where he was buried by a shell.
A general stooped an' kissed dad, too,
The way the French with heroes do,
An' fastened on his collar there
Before the troops, a Croix de Guerre.
My dad is awful modest, though
He used to win at bench an' show
Medals an' bands an' silver cups—
But now he tells us proud-eared pups
He'd rather have that cross he got
Than all the prizes in the lot.

I don't think fights are any fun,
I always want to bark an' run,
But I'll try stickin' to 'em, for
When I grow up, if there's a war
I'm goin', just because I had
A real, true hero for a dad!



Who Pays for all the Discarded Cars



OW many car owners are still running the cars they bought five years ago—or three years—or even two?

As an individual, the motorist can no doubt afford the cost of replacing his car every couple of years.

As a business man, can he afford the enormous depreciation in value—the thousands of hours of skilled workmanship; the iron, steel, aluminum, fine wood and leather, discarded year after year?

As business men, car owners must be interested in Packard *unified engineering*—the balancing of one part against another, matching power with ample strength—the basis of true economy and long life.

In the Packard search for materials of *permanent value*. For example, Packard second growth hickory for wheels. Seasoned

a year and a half. 6000 lbs. breaking test to the spoke.

In Packard *heat-treating* of steel—the finest plant and process of its kind today.

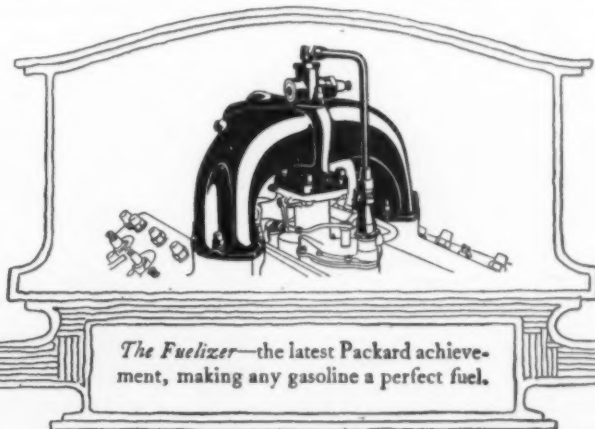
In Packard *inspection*—an inspector to every twenty workmen, and every Packard supervised from start to finish.

These things make the difference between a motor car that can go around the world if necessary and a car tied to the apron-strings of a garage mechanic.

Between a car so well designed that wear from road strains is taken up by a few simple replacements and one whose parts wear beyond replacement.

Your typical Packard owner makes the present serve the future; and sees clearly what each dollar is going to *do for him* before he spends it.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



The Fuelizer—the latest Packard achievement, making any gasoline a perfect fuel.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Two "Stein"-Way Grands

By a Philistine

Einstein and Epstein were wonderful men,
Bringing new miracles into our ken.
Einstein upset the Newtonian rule;
Epstein demolished the Pheidias School.
Einstein gave fits to the Royal Society;
Epstein delighted in loud notoriety.
Einstein made parallels meet in infinity;
Epstein remodelled the form of Divinity.
Nature exhausted, I hopefully sing,
Can't have more Steins of this sort in her
sling.—Punch.

Malice Aforethought

Scene: A Servants' Registry Office.

DYSPEPTIC-LOOKING PERSON: My name is Piffle—Mr. William Piffle. This establishment supplied my wife with a cook last week.

REGISTRAR: Quite right, Mr. Piffle.

DYSPEPTIC-LOOKING PERSON: Well, I would like you to come and dine with us this evening.—Passing Show.



HOW YOU IMAGINE YOU APPEAR TO OTHERS WHEN CARRYING THAT OLD UMBRELLA YOU "BORROWED" BY MISTAKE

Base Aspersions

A motor-omnibus was travelling along Oxford Street when it came abreast of a hearse. At the same instant a small boy dashed across the road from the opposite pavement, narrowly escaped the bus, and as nearly as possible got run over by the hearse.

But for the timely aid of a passing pedestrian, who snatched the youngster from under the very hoofs of the horses, all would have been up with him. The driver of the bus turned to the driver of the hearse, with a look of withering reproof, and exclaimed: "Now, then, greedy!"—Tit-Bits.

A Reminder

A local Democrat is treasuring in his desk a button that he wore in the campaign four years ago. This year, on election day, he is going to get out this button, put it on and walk proudly to the polls and vote the Republican ticket. This is what the button says: "War in Europe; Peace in America. God Bless Wilson."

—Clay Center (Kan.) Times.

Itinerant Herself

THE MAID: Mistress has a new husband.

THE COOK: Do you think he'll stay?

—Boston Transcript.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.



Glacier NATIONAL PARK



Glacier National Park

Majestic, sculptured mountains, giant pawns on Nature's chessboard, raise their Alpine grandeur to the blue of western skies.

Trails and roadways of marvelous beauty lead across the vastness. One may scale intoxicating heights or linger in the flower-scented valleys below. There's an incomparable bigness about Glacier National Park, its wondrous lakes and trout-filled streams.

Modern hotels and rustic Swiss chalets offer genuine comfort. Tours via motor, saddle-horse and launch, arranged by day, week or month. Or, why not walk through?

"Glacier" is your only national park on the main line of a transcontinental railroad. En route to North Pacific Coast, Alaska or California visit Lake Chelan, Mt. Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks.

Write for descriptive literature and Aeroplane map of Glacier National Park, and Summer Tourist Fares, or inquire of nearest ticket or tourist agent.

C. E. STONE, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
St. Paul, Minn.

C. E. Stone
Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Great Northern Ry.
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Aeroplane map of Glacier National Park.

Name _____
Address _____



ELEVATOR SERVICE IN MADAGASCAR

The Monk: THANKS AWFULLY FOR THE LIFT, OLD DEAR!

Moderate-Priced Furniture Untainted By Commercialism

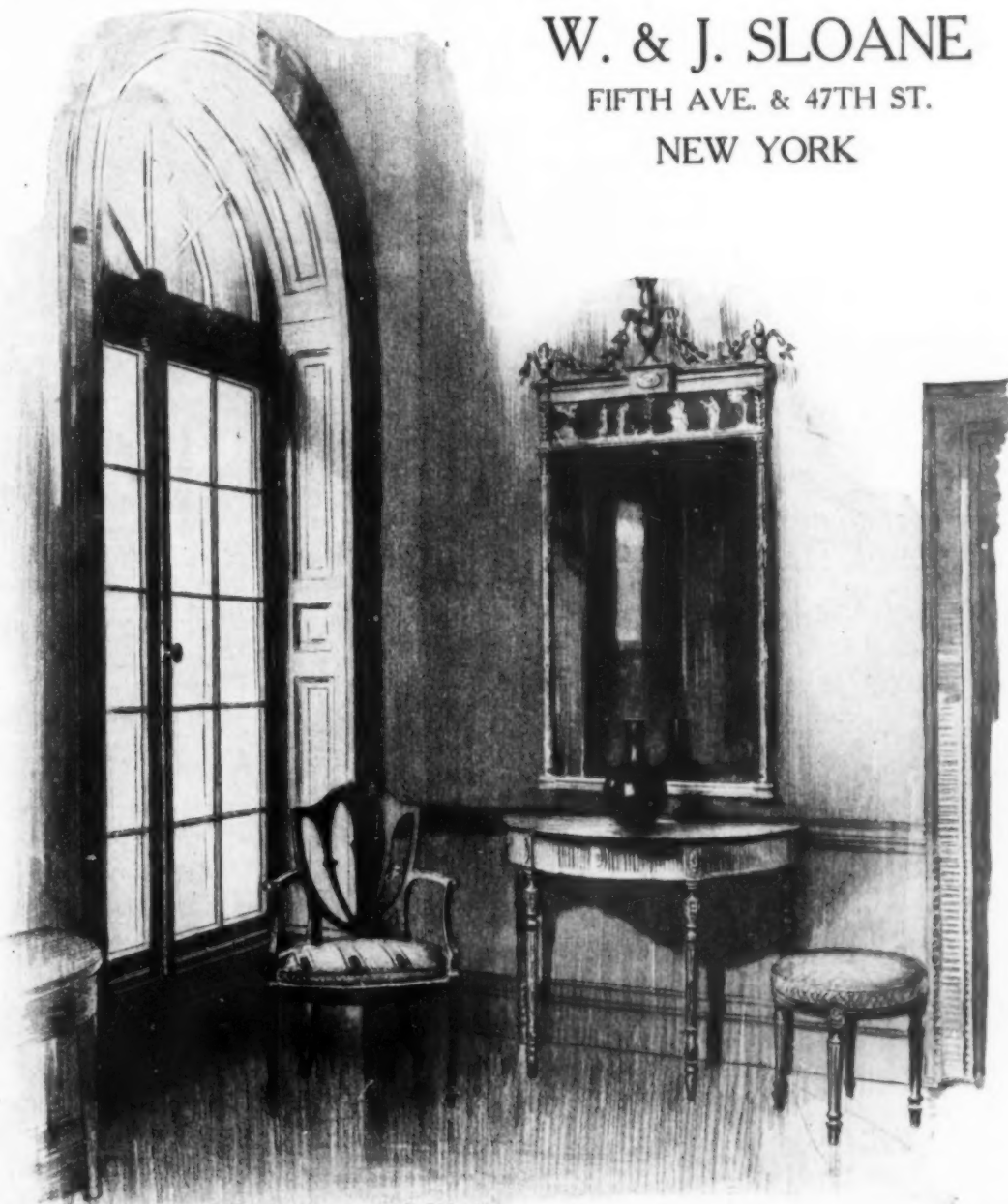
C O M M E R C I A L I S M is particularly objectionable when it invades the home and sets the seal of factory production on intimate, personal things.

Furniture, to have individuality, must be designed and constructed by cabinet-makers more interested in fine work than fast work, more devoted to values than volume. Such are Sloane cabinet-makers.

W. & J. SLOANE

FIFTH AVE. & 47TH ST.

NEW YORK



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Revised Version

Admittedly this may be an old story, but it has the distinction of possessing a new twist at the end.

A person died. He willed all his earthly possessions to be divided among an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman. But the will was conditional; each of the legatees was to place five pounds in the testator's coffin. On the day appointed (by Fate) the Englishman placed a five-pound note, as willed; the Irishman collected a number of coins somehow—shillings, sixpences and coppers—and made up his contributions of five pounds, which he placed on the Englishman's fiver. The Scotchman then made out a cheque for fifteen pounds and, pocketing the ten pounds already deposited, threw in his cheque with the remark, "That's easier."

A month later, when the Scotchman perused his pass-book, he was surprised to find that his cheque had been cashed.

The undertaker was a Welshman.

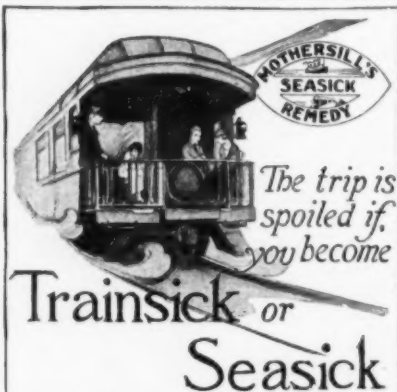
—Sketch.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Oriental Flattery

The Babu stands unsurpassed as a writer of really unctuous flattery when he is soliciting a favor. Few compliments could exceed that of the Bengalee who concluded a petition with the pious hope that it might be granted "by the grace of God, a gentleman your highness much resembles."

—North China Herald.



The trip is spoiled if you become

Trainsick or Seasick

Thousands of Travelers the world over depend upon

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Prevents and relieves nausea. Practically all Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water have officially adopted, and advise, this remedy. No cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products or their derivatives nor other habit forming drugs. Sold by leading druggists everywhere on guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. 60c and \$1.20.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Also at 19 St. Bride St., London,
Montreal, New York, and Milan.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette.

30¢

Smarguros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Awkward All Round

"You're in an awkward situation when a woman starts abusing her husband to you."

"You are that. If you agree with her she gets mad, and a discreet silence is almost as dangerous."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Great Expectations

"What salary do you expect?" asked the prospective employer.

"At first," was the modest reply, "just enough to live on."

"You expect too much. I can't use you."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

It appears that Irish criminals may be divided into three classes: (a) The ones you can't catch; (b) The ones you have caught but can't convict; (c) The ones you have convicted but can't keep in prison.

—Punch.



WASTE SPACE

Young Curate: BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS YOU USE YOUR FEW SO SELDOM, WOULDN'T YOU LET US SUB-LET IT? BEING NEAR THE DOOR, IT WOULD BE IN GREAT DEMAND



Send for a Complete Catalogue of
MASONIC BOOK
Jewelry and Goods
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Publishers and Manufacturers

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BOGALUSA

"The New South's Young City of Destiny."

Never heard of it? Well, the payroll of Bogalusa's Industries is \$250,000 monthly. Write the Mayor.

Cuticura Soap

—SHAVES—
Without Mug

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

The Legion and the Service Men

(Continued from page 20)

Service men who came home. Everybody felt that the time of self-sacrifice had passed and that men were warranted in seeking the most lucrative employment they could find; and that has been very hard on government bureaus, which have not been able to pay very high wages nor keep their trained men.

* * * * *

ALL that is rather a sad story, but neither the service men nor the Legion should be judged by present appearances. They did get something out of the war, and people know they did. It will come out in time. We may grumble about the bonus and the crude indifference to public welfare that that movement discloses, but it remains that those millions of men who wore khaki are the hope of the country. In a great emergency that would show at once. Their mere existence, knowing what they know, trained as they have been trained, makes the country safe, and it would not be safe without them. They are an immense potential force. They helped our Uncle Sam to show what he could do, and the exhibition that he was able to make will not be forgotten for a thousand years.

Don't judge the service men too much by their organization. Remember that its membership includes only a small percentage of them, and that of those whom it does include, a large proportion may dissent from any of its policies. And don't judge the organization too harshly because it seems to be selfish. Remember that self-preservation is the first law of organization, and that almost every organization sees a virtue in any form of selfishness that promises to increase its strength.

E. S. M.

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE AND STATIONERY
OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT

EFFICIENT SERVICE BY MAIL

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The value of time has a practical demonstration when the busy business man attaches a vest pocket type of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen to the other end of his watch chain



"WHEN THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST"



40 minutes' use

Shows the way to whiter teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

This test requires four minutes daily for ten days. To millions it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now should lead you to learn the way.

That cloudy film

Teeth are clouded by a film. By a viscous, ever-present film. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern research has traced most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed it hardens. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so much escapes the tooth brush. Thus well-brushed teeth by millions discolor and decay.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new method

A dental cleaning removes the film-coat, but that is periodic. The need was for a daily film combatant, and science has long sought it. The way has now been found. Able authorities have proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

An ideal tooth paste has been created to meet all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. And this new film combatant is embodied in it.

A quick, convincing test

We now supply to thousands daily, a quick, convincing test. And we urge every home to make it.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Science, however,

has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be daily used on film.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. Then decide for yourself the way to beauty and to better protection. This test is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 688, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 33)

the moment, that Solon J. Buck's *The Agrarian Crusade*, "a chronicle of the farmer in politics" running from the granger movement through Populism, contains only a closing sentence or two about the Non-Partisan League, the farmer's latest political weapon. One book remains; it is *The Canadian Dominion*, by Oscar D. Skelton, a clear, interesting history of Canada from the downfall of French power to participation in the Great War.

The volumes of *The Chronicles of America* consist each of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty lightly laden pages with a bibliography and an index in each volume. The exceptional illustrations are largely from photographs, occasionally from rare prints. Certain volumes are provided with maps.

This Side of Paradise, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) At last an American equivalent of St. John G. Ervine's *Changing Winds*, of the H. G. Wells of, let us say, *Joan and Peter*. It is understood that Mr. Fitzgerald is himself at the age (twenty-three) at which he takes leave of his hero, and his first novel, under the circumstances, could not avoid autobiography. The story of Amory Blaine of St. Regis's School and Princeton must naturally reflect the processes of thought and the education by contacts of his creator. It is a story that will alternately exasperate and touch the reader of maturer years still capable of recalling the gusts of adolescence.

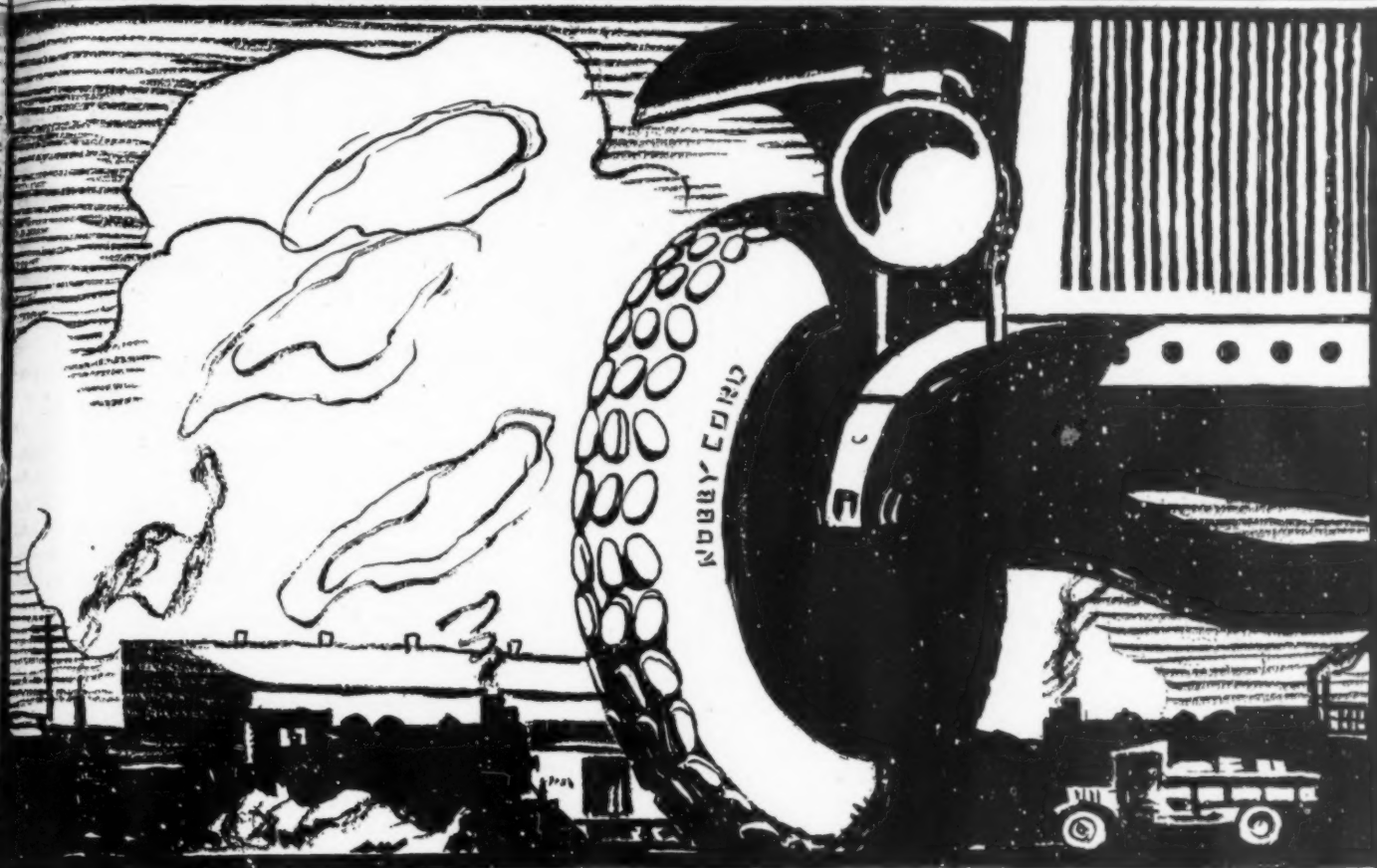
The Power of a Lie, by Johan Bojer. (Moffat, Yard & Co.) An earlier work by the author of *The Great Hunger* and a better novel in every technical respect. To evade a loss, Knut Norby allows an accusation of forgery to lie against Henry Wangen. Bojer's purpose is to show that the consequences of such an act are beyond recall and quite frequently astounding. Ibsen could not have succeeded better.

The Wild Fawn, by Mary Imlay Taylor. (Moffat, Yard & Co.) Lively and amusing tale of the French-born wife of a young American brings home with him to a Southern town.

Half Portions, by Edna Ferber. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Nine short stories by one of the American writers of widest appeal. The best, on our ballot, is "Old Lady Mandle."

Alsace in Rust and Gold, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Harper & Bros.) The author's emotions during ten days spent in Alsace, November 1-11, 1918, varied by personal irrelevances. A pleasant gift for her intimate friends.

Grant M. Overton,



WHAT IS A PNEUMATIC TRUCK TIRE

WHEN the first pneumatic truck tires the world has ever seen appeared on the streets of Detroit in July, 1911, people called them "balloons".

The idea of putting a heavy truck on air was so far in advance of anything the automobile world had yet thought of that it took time for people to grasp it.

Even today there is still a confusion in some people's minds as to exactly what constitutes a pneumatic truck tire.

Before it produced the first pneumatic truck tires ever made, the United States Rubber Company knew that an overgrown passenger car tire would never solve the truck owner's tire problem.

What it started with was an idea—the idea of creating an entirely new kind of a tire—a truck

pneumatic — designed to meet trucking conditions and not merely market conditions.

The U. S. Nobby Cord of today is the pioneer pneumatic truck tire—lineal descendant of the first of its kind—brought out by the United States Rubber Company in 1911, after two years spent in developing it.

There is a difference between pioneering a tire and pioneering a market.

U.S. Pneumatic Truck Tires

United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The oldest and largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches



Cool and Spacious

COUNTRY life and its attendant sports is possible even within city bounds. Washington boasts such a rare combination in the Wardman Park Hotel. Its big rooms stand for coolness; the long corridors are airy, the spacious dining-rooms make summer meals attractive. Altogether, this is more like a huge Country Club than a cosmopolitan hotel.

HARRY WARDMAN
President

ELMER DYER
Manager

Wardman Park Hotel
Connecticut Avenue and Woodley Road
WASHINGTON, D.C.



Pack Up Your Troubles
in Your Old Kit Bag and
Smile, Smile, Smile!

Read *Life*

and you will do this anyway. A sure laugh in every issue of LIFE. Try it for six months, or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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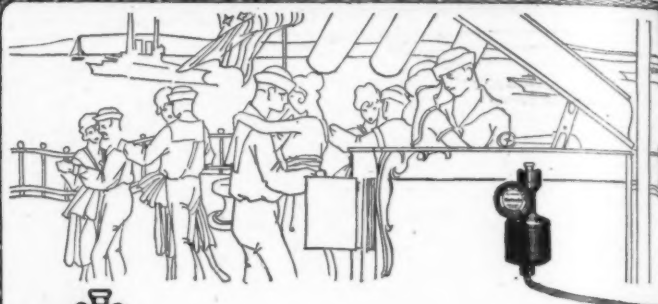
LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.52

Foreign \$6.04

17



"Our Arms in Their Defense, Their Arms Our Recompense!"

Never has the famous naval toast been more joyously acclaimed than at a ship's dance where the MOTROLA electrically winds the phonograph. No one has to stop dancing to wind the machine; if you throw away the old crank and insert the

MOTROLA.

Just press the button and the machine cannot "run down" in the midst of your favorite jazz record.

The MOTROLA never overwinds: it fits any make of phonograph without marring the finest cabinet.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the MOTROLA, or a post card will bring you the name of the nearest MOTROLA dealer.

JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.

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R.B. FULLER

LOVE'S CRUCIAL TEST

· LIFE ·

Columbia Grafonola

Music Wherever You Are

A Columbia Grafonola always gives you lots of fun and requires mighty little care. Its Non-Set Automatic Stop, an exclusive Columbia improvement, lets you listen in peace to the very end of every record.

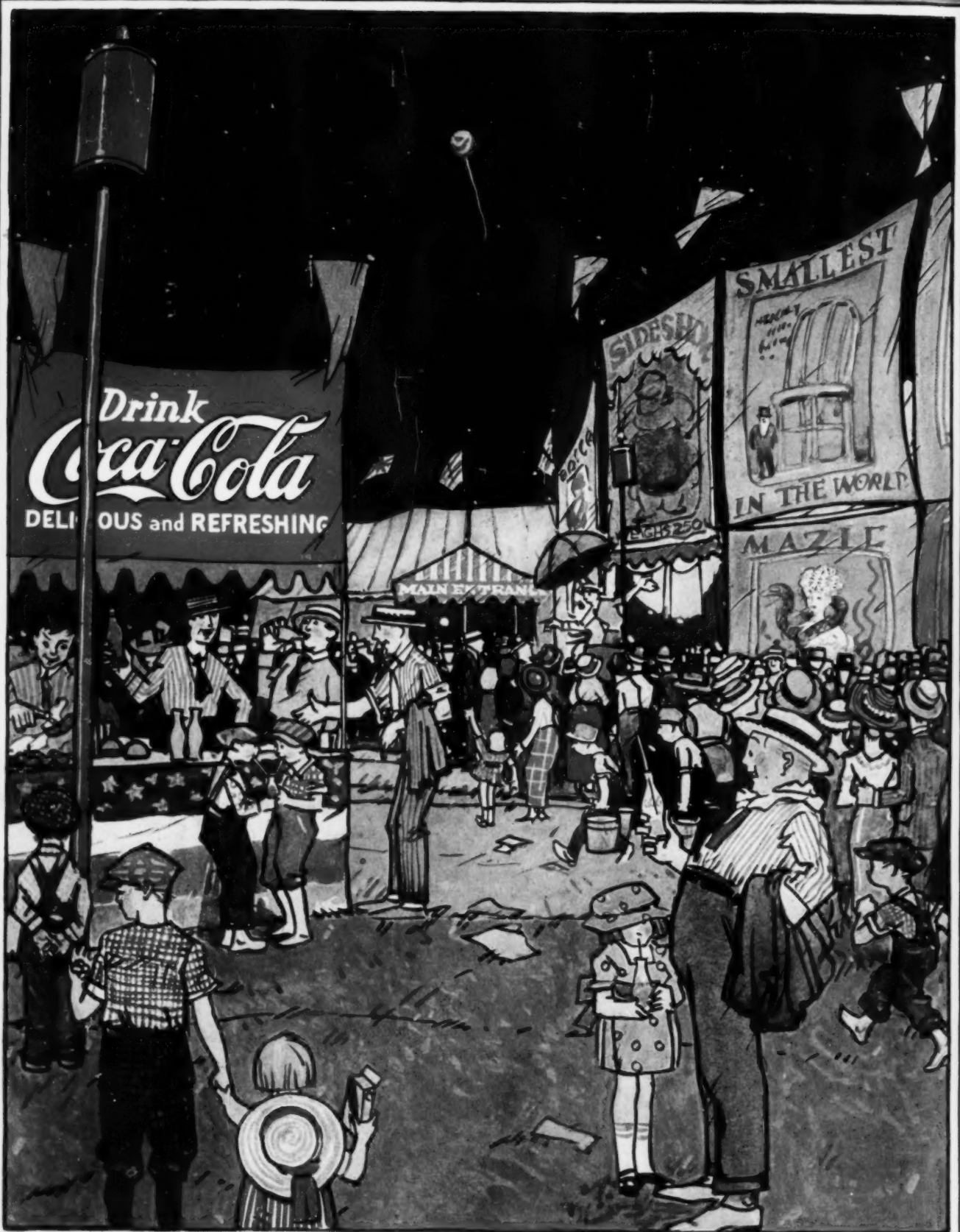
There's nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and the Grafonola plays and stops itself.

Full, pure, unmuffled tone. Exquisite beauty of design. The greatest convenience of mechanism.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., NEW YORK
Canadian Factory: Toronto



Columbia Grafonolas
Standard Models up to \$300
Period Designs up to \$2100



Parfum
"Un Air Embaume"



— the exclusive perfume
with a touch of the Orient

Rouge
Sachet
Extract
Vanity Case
Face Powder
Toilet Water
Talcum Powder
Solid Face Powder

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PARIS



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A. S. Hinds

For Sunburn

Hinds *Honey and Almond* Cream



Cooling, soothing, healing.—A few fragrant drops applied gently will protect the delicate skin from sunburn, windburn and unclean dust. It will keep the skin naturally soft under all conditions. Hinds Cream Toilet Comforts are selling throughout America. Mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory if not easily obtainable.

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a few cen

The End of The Search

"IT'S no use," said the great scientist. "I've worked the wireless for six hours. I am positive Mars will not answer."

"What was the wording of the message you sent?" asked the motion-picture magnate. "Perhaps we did not offer enough money."

"I followed instructions very carefully, sir," the scientist replied respectfully. "Here is what I sent hurling through space, just as you wrote it." The movie king glanced at his generous interplanetary offer:

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR OLD PLAYS, STORIES, ETC. WHAT HAVE YOU? WITH KINDEST REGARDS, SUPER-SHAKESPEARE FILM CO., MAX GOLDFARB, PRES.

A man of action, the movie king dismissed the scientists, dried his eyes and summoned his chief scenario editor.

"We've simply got to have new material, Ed," he said. "I tell you what you do. You've been working pretty hard. This will be a kind of vacation. Go home and pack your suitcase. To-morrow you

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off



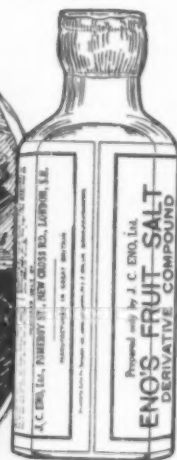
Apply a few drops of **Freezone** upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. **Freezone** does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of **Freezone** costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)



As the brook

was created a thing of natural service for exhilarating, refreshing and rejuvenating man's physical and mental faculties,—so too, Eno springs from Nature's bounty.

Eno is unsurpassed for slaking thirst, but it does more—it stimulates digestion and makes for better health, is a natural corrective, purifies the blood, prevents biliousness, headache and the many other ills of constipation.

A dollar and a quarter for a large bottle—Eno will be found as refreshing and pleasant and beyond monetary consideration as other gifts of Nature.

At All Druggists

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., New York, Toronto, Sydney

A Very Agreeable Aperient

leave for a trip around the world. I want you to spend a year searching for new stuff. The public demands novelty, and we're going to give it to them. Search China and Madagascar and all them places. But don't give up until you get it."

For more than a year quiet, the hushed quiet of expectancy, pervaded the great Super-Shakespeare studios. Now and then the thousands employed there kept things going half-heartedly by productions of stuff by Cervantes, Poe, Dumas and popular

writers of like calibre. But no word came from the intrepid chief scenario editor, save an occasional report that he had safely escaped from this or that fevered jungle or lonely glacial sea.

One bright morning the movie king was personally supervising the transformation of the company's car barn into the private office of a millionaire banker. He had just finished approving the make-up of the extra who was to play the rôle of the millionaire. A cablegram was



Are your hair roots hungry?

DANDRUFF, thinning, lustreless hair, a tendency toward baldness—all these conditions are caused by a dryness of the scalp—in reality a starvation of the tiny hair-roots.

Normally, nature supplies the scalp and hair with an essential oil-food; but modern living conditions tend to evaporate and dissipate that oil food.

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6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

FOR INDIGESTION

handed him. It was from Ed. He was at Pahang in the Straits Settlement.

"Stop work and gather 'round!" shouted the trembling movie king. All became silent. He read the message to his employees through a megaphone:

"Have found greatest writer since Homer. Got all his works exclusively for us. His name is Shandra Tanik. Found him tending sheep in village. He is only sixteen years old, and has never been out of Pahang. Here is outline of his first story:

"Kum Lil Febi, a rich and villainous Hindoo, becomes enamored of Phyllis Van Decker, a young society girl, whom he meets on English railroad train. Tells her he is her father, whom she has never seen. She is about to go away with him. Frank Ripley, a young American, is working his way through Oxford by acting as conductor on the train. He saves Phyllis from Febi by dressing as a muezzin and calling on all good Mohammedans to face the East in prayer. As Febi turns toward Mecca Frank seizes Phyllis and leaps from train. He brings her to the home of Lady Dorsey, his aunt, a London noblewoman. "Your face seems familiar, child," says Lady Dorsey. In the meantime—"

It was impossible to read more. The studio was in a turmoil. "We've got the whole thing, chief!" cried a hundred excited but happy voices. They belonged to the lads in the scenario department. The thousands of stars, carpenters, camera men, directors, etc., echoed the joyous cry, and began changing make-ups, stage sets, focuses, puttees, etc. With tears of joy coursing over his cheeks the movie king sat down and answered the cablegram:

"Is it possible," he wrote, "to bring the author along to supervise the productions?"

Marc Connelly.

Experience

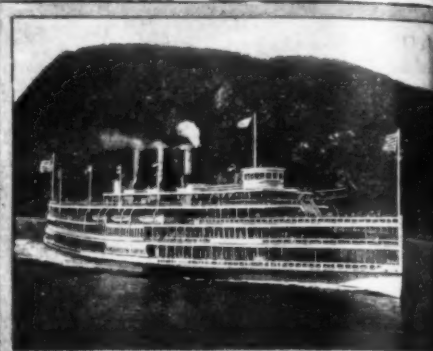
THE point of view which each one of us has as an individual depends a great deal upon the sum total of our individual experience. We are not all standing on the same ladder round.

A soldier at Colonia Hospital who had lost both of his legs was lying in a room where there were a number of members of the women's motor corps, when a woman who had never before visited the hospital came in. When she saw the boy she was overcome and began to cry. The boy turned to one of the motor-corps women and said:

"This her first visit?"

"Yes—it must be."

"Well, when she gets over the sob stuff I'll talk to her. Maybe I can make her feel better."



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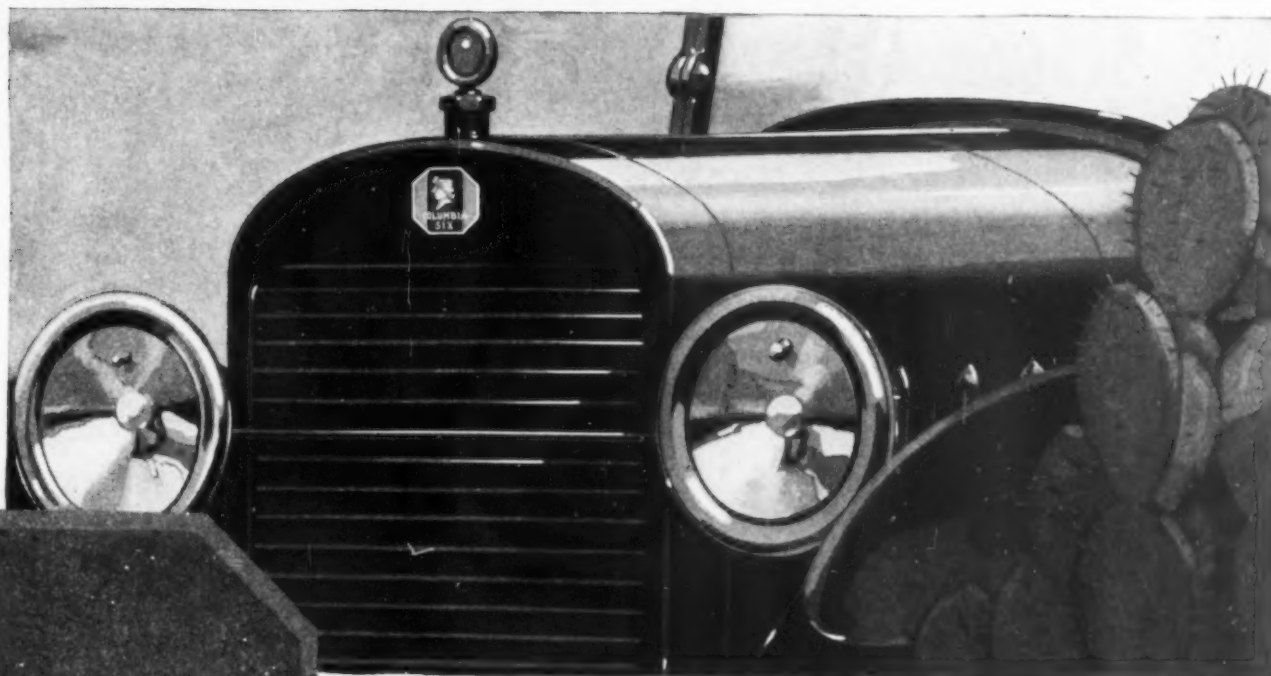
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The Gem of the Highway



Announcing the eagerly awaited

Margot Asquith's Diary

© E. O. Hoppe



"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb"

Written with the dash and fire of one who has lived to squeeze from each minute of life the satisfying joy of being, the Diary of Margot Asquith, wife of England's great Liberal, will register up to the keen expectations its heralded publication created on both sides of the Atlantic. She has promised herself to

"write without fear or favor exactly what I think and with a strict regard to unmodeled truth,"

and her copy is English society and politics from the days of Gladstone down to the black hours of 1914 and the rumble of guns in France, as seen through the eyes of a woman of insight and rare wit. Here you see the great figures of your own day, handled without gloves, their foibles laughed at and most intimate conversations racily interpreted by an unconventional young girl who slyly smoked cigarettes and flirted with engineers on trains in Victorian days! She sat on Tennyson's knee and he read her "Maud" in unforgettable voice. Gladstone coached her as the wife-to-be of England's Premier, Balfour was an understanding friend through years

of political turmoil and social warfare. And the much talked of "Souls" is intimately described by Mrs. Asquith, who was a leader of that curious circle.

Accounting for her limited musical accomplishments she ventures that

"marriage and four babies, five step-children and a husband in high politics,"

do limit one's time and ambition, but seemingly in no other field of human effort does she fail to plunge with Rooseveltian vigor. In the fields, on the dance floor, or behind the tea cups of English politics, Margot Asquith, who writes of her outdoor life

"I have broken both collar-bones, all my ribs, knee caps, dislocated my jaw, fractured my skull, gashed my nose and had five concussions of the brain,"

is a forceful personality who hates timidity and indecision and feels the world her oyster. In the August issue, out July 15th.

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